

THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

No. XXII.

AUGUST 1877.

VOL. II.

HIGHLAND BATTLES AND HIGHLAND ARMS.

III.

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFFMUIR.

THE particulars of this engagement are invested with strange, though melancholy, attractions for the student of the period of Scottish history at which it took place.

The extraordinary and providential mistake on the part of the Jacobites which, to all human appearance, snatched victory from their hands, and converted into a drawn battle what would otherwise have proved a complete success, invest its details with more than ordinary interest; and when the probable result of Argyll's having been defeated is taken into consideration, it may safely be asserted that on few engagements have events of so much political importance to this country depended.

The singular fact, which appears from at least one contemporary Memoir (viz., the Master of Sinclair), that the Lowland aristocracy of Scotland had not even then altogether abandoned their belief in the power of feudal militia, and regarded the red coats with something like jealousy, adds a singular feature to the narrative.

The Highlanders, as has been previously explained, had a thorough conviction of their superiority over modern infantry; but this arose from their confidence in their own superior tactics, whereas, in the case of the Lowland gentlemen, it derived its origin solely from the old traditions of the desperate defence of their country and liberty which had been so successfully effected in former times by the feudal militia of Scotland.

It is not my intention to give any account of this insurrection, but simply to narrate the leading events of the battle, and submit to the reader the true tactical principles which may be deduced from these facts.

Mar, after having lingered longer at Perth than has generally been considered prudent, upon Thursday, the 10th November 1715, marched from Perth with apparently about 8000 men, with the intention of crossing the Forth at whichever of the fords the bulk of his army could seize.

He marched to Auchterarder that night, and rested the following day, and on the morning of the 12th, General Gordon, with 3000 foot and eight squadrons of cavalry, was ordered to advance and take possession of Dunblane. But, while on the march, they were informed that Argyll had anticipated them, and was already in possession of that town—he

having obviously determined rather to risk an engagement, although far inferior in numbers, than permit Mar to get a chance of crossing the Forth.

Upon this intelligence being received by General Gordon, he determined to encamp for the night, and after some deliberation, a loop formed by the River Allan, near Kinbuck Bridge, was selected as the proper situation.

Brown, in his History of the Highlands, does not give the name at all, but simply says it was near Kinbuck Bridge, which could not, however, have been then in existence, as it would have afforded the means of crossing the Allan, which the Jacobite generals were averse to do by fording, on account of exposing their men to the effects of wet on a frosty winter night.

The Master of Sinclair describes it minutely, but does not give any name. According to him, it was a little hollow on the east side of the Allan, with farm houses, barnyards, and enclosures, commanded on all sides by the surrounding high ground, and far too small to contain comfortably the number of men whom it had to accommodate.

This description agrees so perfectly with a place named Craigton, a short way south of Kinbuck Bridge, that it is impossible to suppose otherwise than that it was the site of the Jacobite encampment; although to a non-military man it does not appear so unfitted by its size to accommodate 8000 or 10,000 men for a single night.

It is surrounded to the west on three sides by the Allan, which there, as well as in some other parts of its course, forms an almost rectangular loop around the ground. On the west side of the river the ground rises high, which would prevent its being properly defended against an attack of musketry from that quarter; whilst it is exposed from the east to the same disadvantage.

However, no attempt was made by Argyll to disturb the Jacobite quarters, and early in the morning Mar broke up his encampment, with the intention of marching towards Dunblane, although it does not appear that he was even then perfectly certain of his movements, and was almost meditating a retreat to Perth in the event of his finding it impracticable to pass the fords of Frew, which was now rendered almost impossible by the bridge over the Teith having been broken down—the Teith being a river in many respects fully as difficult to ford as the Forth.

Immediately, however, on Mar's commencing his march, Argyll's horsemen were seen on the high crest of the Sheriff's Muir, facing almost directly westward, so that it was impossible for Mar to have marched in the direction of Dunblane, through which alone he could have reached the Teith or Forth, without exposing his flank to Argyll.

In these circumstances Mar summoned his officers to a consultation, upon a rising ground, which tradition has pointed out as Duthieston (where there is now a villa bearing that name), about a mile in a southerly direction from Craigton, on the road to Dunblane, and there put it to his officers whether they should fight Argyll or retreat again to Perth, at-

tempts upon the fords of Teith and Forth being now abandoned as hopeless.

After a very short consultation it was almost unanimously resolved by the officers to fight, and this resolution was received with the greatest enthusiasm by the private soldiers, who manifested their joy by such heartfelt demonstrations as induced the Master of Sinclair, trained as he had been in Marlborough's wars, and distrustful of militia, to say that no man who had a drop of Scots blood in him but must have been proud of the alacrity displayed by the Scottish peasantry, Lowland and Highland, on that occasion, who showed themselves so anxious to engage in mortal combat with tried and experienced British veterans.

I am not aware that any plan of this engagement exists, and it is certainly not very easy to follow in every respect the various descriptions of it which have been given; but if the one inch to a mile ordnance sheet, No. 39, where the ground is laid down, be examined, it will be found that the Jacobite army may be assumed to have marched from Craigton to Duthieston, and after the resolution to fight, was drawn up by General Hamilton, to whom the details were entrusted, in two lines, with cavalry on either flank, the right resting on Duthieston, and the left thrown well forward—that is, the whole lines formed by a half wheel to the right, taking the wheel from the road leading from Craigton to Duthieston; and formed in this order, a march straight up the hill would bring the army to what is marked in the survey as the site of the battle; while the Duke of Argyll, supposing it was Mar's intention to march upon Dunblane, drew up his army upon the high ground between the roads passing Stonehill and Dykedale, and facing in the direction of the road leading from Perth to Dunblane. If this conjecture be correct, the Duke's first position seems determined.

Observing, however, that the Jacobites were advancing up the hill considerably to his right, he marched his men by the right to the right, which, with possibly a small inclination to the right by the head of the column, would bring his army opposite the Jacobites upon the site of the battle, and at the same time account for his line not having been completely formed at some points when the Jacobite attack was made.

The ground up which the Jacobites marched is now much intersected by fences and plantations, but was then, though rugged and uneven, quite open and unenclosed. It was, therefore, perfectly in General Hamilton's power to have marched his lines up the hill in the order in which they had been formed, as Mackay did in his formation at Killiecrankie, in place of which he broke up his two lines into four columns, and marched them up the hill in a straggling order.

According to the Master of Sinclair, however (who expresses his opinion that the march should have been made in line of battle), the half of the first line formed the first column, and marched by the right, so that the cavalry on the right of the first line formed the leading squadrons of the first column.

When the first column had advanced a considerable distance, the second column, or left of the first line, followed, marching likewise by the right. Then the right hand division of the second line marched like-

wise by the right, and was followed by the second or left hand division of the second line, which also marched by the right, so that the cavalry posted on the left of the rear line was in the rear of all, and the Fife squadron, which was on the extreme left of the rear line, was the last to leave the ground where the army had been drawn up.

In re-forming line, however, Lord Mareschall's and Drummond's squadrons, who formed the right of the first line, took their position to the left, in place of the right, of the foot, as they had been originally posted, and thus became the centre, in place of the right flank, of the first line. This fatal mistake having apparently been observed, a cry of "Horse to the right" was raised, and re-echoed through the field, and an aide-de-camp came up and ordered Rollo's squadron, which was next the foot of the left column of the second line, and consequently in front of Lord Southesk's and the Fife, to go along with the squadrons in his rear, immediately to the right.

This order was obeyed by Rollo's and Southesk's squadrons, and, after some hesitation and remonstrances on the part of the Master of Sinclair, by the Fife squadron also; and thus, in the manner above described, the cavalry designed for the protection of the right flank, found itself posted in the centre of the front line, and the cavalry designed for the protection of the left flank was transported to the right, leaving the left flank unsupported by horse.

The Master of Sinclair does not allude to any horse as being posted upon the Jacobite left flank; but other writers mention that some horse still remained there, who behaved with great resolution, though unable, from their small number, and the lightness of their horses, to cope with Argyll's cavalry. Thus there is nothing in either statement to affect the acknowledged circumstances which caused the defeat of the Jacobite left wing. It was here, therefore, that the powerful support of Rollo's, Southesk's, and the Fife squadron was so much needed, and the Jacobites suffered so sorely from the consequences of this blunder.

By all accounts, the Fife squadron (as Fife cavalry always has been, and remains to this hour) was admirably mounted* and most efficiently appointed, and as many of the privates were disbanded troopers, there seems no reason to doubt that, had they encountered the Grey Dragoons and Evan's regiment, they, along with the other squadrons, would have given their adversaries sufficient occupation, and left the Highlanders and the regular infantry to try conclusions between themselves, which was all the Highlanders required.

From every account it would appear that the left of the Highlanders and the right of the Duke of Argyll were the first to engage, and that the Highlanders did not immediately close and try the effects of cold steel, but that a hot fire was kept up by both parties at a very short distance, and that during its continuance the Duke of Argyll had leisure to form his cavalry (chiefly the Scots Greys, and also Evan's Dragoons, now

* It is said that George IV., in witnessing the review of the Yeomanry which took place at Portobello in 1822, was particularly struck with the efficient appearance of the Fife squadron; and the mounted volunteers of Fife at this day need not fear comparison with any British cavalry whatever, so far, at least, as the physique of men and horses are concerned.

the 7th Hussars) in such a manner as to enable them to charge the Highland infantry in flank, which, as was to be expected, at once broke them, and forced them to retreat, although their resistance was obstinate and their loss extremely small, owing either to the protection afforded by the cavalry, who remained on the left wing, or the boggy and treacherous nature of the ground, in many places quite impassable for horse in spite of the recent frost.

The supporters of Bayonet and Brown Bess may here, however, if the confused details of this part of the engagement be at all reliable, claim the credit of having kept the Highlanders for a few minutes at bay, till the dragoons had time to form and charge.

The left being thus defeated, was pursued for nearly three miles, but this pursuit took as many hours for the Duke of Argyll and a large part of his army to accomplish.

In the meanwhile, however, a very different scene was being enacted on the right, where Rollo's, Southesk's, and the Fife squadron protected the right of the Highland infantry. Upon the order to charge being given, the 2000 Macdonalds, who formed the right wing, rushed in upon Argyll's left, as the Master of Sinclair says, in a very disorderly manner, with their broadswords and targets, and in four minutes pierced and broke Argyll's left wing in every direction; and so complete was the rout, that the panic seized General Witham's cavalry, who were formed to protect his left, but who fled without making any attempt to support or avenge their defeated infantry.

Mareschall's and Drummond's squadrons, and apparently also Huntly's, who had so inopportunately taken their position in the centre in place of the right, seeing the success of their infantry, in place of attacking that portion of Argyll's line immediately opposite to them, suffered their antagonists quietly to march to the right, and support Argyll's victorious movement against Mar's left, and galloped in the direction of the victorious Macdonalds, in order, as the Master of Sinclair satirically says, that they might skin those whom the Highlanders had butchered.*

In executing this ill judged manœuvre the cavalry suffered considerably from a flank fire from Argyll's centre, which disabled at least 18 men, and some were also killed, and a standard taken by a squadron of Argyll's horse which attacked them, although, as it did not follow up its success, it seems never to have been understood either where it came from or where it went to.

General Witham's horse, although they retreated, were not broken, or even touched in any way, and there seems nothing to have prevented them from attacking the Macdonalds, scattered and disordered as they were by their success; but the Fife squadron, and apparently part at least of Southesk's, remained steadily posted on the right, and were thus in a position to have attacked Witham's cavalry had they attempted any operations against the disordered Macdonalds.

* The Master of Sinclair says that the Macdonalds, upon receiving the first fire of their adversaries, threw themselves on the ground and waited till the fire slackened. This is the only instance that I am aware of in which the Highlanders are alleged to have adopted similar tactics.

The Master of Sinclair, and the cavalry who followed his example, have been greatly blamed by all writers and song makers for the inactivity they displayed at this crisis of the engagement,* but it must be recollected that General Witham's cavalry were then quite unbroken, that Huntly and Mareschall's squadrons were then scattered, and unfit for action, so that it is at least possible that it was the firm and imposing, though passive, attitude assumed by the Master of Sinclair, and those who followed his example, which alone prevented General Witham from sweeping down upon the right wing of the Jacobite infantry, when disordered by their brilliant success.

Before proceeding further, however, it may here be mentioned that if the site of the battle be correctly laid down, and limited as in the ordnance survey, it does, to a non-professional spectator at least, appear very unaccountable how the two wings of each army should have been so long ignorant of the movements of the other, as all accounts state them to have been.

The ground on either side of the road which marks the position of the two armies is quite level, and anything done at either end of it would seem to be at once perceivable by the other, and their actual ignorance seems therefore difficult to account for; but the fact is too well authenticated to admit of dispute.

If, however, the site be extended in a westerly direction, into the ground now occupied by a plantation, there may be such inequalities as will fully explain the ignorance in which each party remained of the manœuvres of the other.

Mar having collected his victorious right, and having pursued his antagonists for a short distance, drew up his forces upon a high ground at the farm of Stonehill, on the estate of Kippendavie, as marked in the ordnance plan, and the Duke of Argyll, returning from his pursuit of Mar's left wing, came sufficiently near Mar's position to allow of the engagement being renewed, and both armies seem to have contemplated the possibility of such renewal, for the Master of Sinclair states that they came within about 400 yards of each other, and stood at gaze for about half an hour, when Argyll slowly and cautiously filed off towards Dunblane—Mar not having the resolution to attack him.

Considering how greatly the Jacobite cause was dependent upon a successful engagement, and that, in his circumstances, the effect of a drawn battle was equivalent to defeat, there can be no doubt but that Mar was guilty of either most pusillanimous or treacherous conduct in not hazarding final conclusions with Argyll.

At the same time, if the modern idea of the superiority of disciplined bayoneteers over sword and target men be correct, Argyll was equally to blame in not having proved the superiority of his infantry by crushing out the last remnants of the Jacobite army.† But it is per-

* The old song says:—

"Perth, Fife, and Angus, who were horse,
Stood motionless, and some did worse."

† Argyll evidently had not the same opinion of the Highlanders that the Duke of Cumberland afterwards expressed, viz., that they were the most contemptible of all adversaries.

fectly plain that he, at least, had no such confidence in his bayoneteers, and that he considered his cavalry might have enough to do to hold their own with those of Mar, and that in these circumstances he thought it sufficient to secure the solid advantages which a drawn battle would bestow upon his party.

Whatever, however, may have been his motives, it certainly appears to be a great compliment to irregular troops that a tried and victorious body of veteran foot, supported by first-rate cavalry, declined to engage so-called undisciplined Highlanders, scarcely a man of whom had ever previously fought, and only supported by cavalry whose efficiency had never been actually tested.

It is said by Sir Walter Scott, and other writers, that Mar's position was so superior to that of Argyll that the latter might actually have been seriously annoyed by Mar's hurling down stones upon the Government forces; but an examination of the ground amply proves that, unless Argyll had been totally incompetent to direct his men, they never could have been brought into such a position. The Master of Sinclair never hints at such a contingency, and the idea must have arisen from the name of the position which Mar ultimately assumed, as above mentioned, viz., a part of the farm on the estate of Kippendavie, then and still known by the name of Stonehill, and so laid down in the ordnance plan.

The indignant and bitter exclamation uttered by old Gordon of Glenbucket, when he saw Mar's inactivity—"Oh, for one hour of Dundee"—seems rather directed against Mar for not risking the chances of a second attack (as Dundee certainly would have done), than for his neglecting to avail himself of any opportunity he might have had of taking Argyll at a particular disadvantage.

From the Master of Sinclair's account it would appear that the Earl of Linlithgow was inclined to attack Argyll with his squadron upon his own "hook," but his rashness or gallantry was restrained by the remonstrances of the Master and others more conversant with the routine of discipline, although such routine is not always the surest road to brilliant military glory and success.

In considering the tactical principles deducible from this engagement, it would still appear that the Highlanders were correct in their assumption of the great superiority of the broadsword and target over the musket and bayonet.

The Master of Sinclair says that the only thing that deceived him in the course of the whole campaign was that he never thought the Highlanders would have stood the fire of regular troops. If they did stand the fire then, he almost seems to concede that they had the advantage; for in his account of Mackintosh's operations, when he had crossed the Firth with 1500 men, and stationed himself in the old citadel of Leith, which Argyll did not venture to attack by assault, he gives it as his opinion that Argyll acted rightly, for he says that in the melee which follows an assault the sabres of the Highlanders are very dangerous weapons; and in narrating the occurrences subsequent to the engagement at Sheriffmuir, he refers to the *rough rebuke* which had been received by

the Government infantry as tending greatly to inspire the Highlanders with confidence in their system of warfare.

The fact of Argyll's defeated left wing being composed of tried and experienced veterans, trained in Marlborough's wars, while scarcely a single man of the victorious Highlanders had ever previously been engaged, at least proves that they possessed no advantage derived from former practice.

In regard to the success of Argyll's right, it was due solely to his cavalry, an arm which the Highlanders never considered they could resist, if the horsemen were really efficient, and understood how to charge with proper velocity, and therefore Argyll's success in that quarter occasioned no after panic; and the Highlanders only blamed the misconduct of their own generals, who, with a force of cavalry amply sufficient to have covered the left wing, left it almost completely exposed.

Very singularly, the Master of Sinclair gives his opinion that troops armed with the musket and bayonet are not in this respect better off than swordsmen, for he says (*vide* *Memoirs*, p. 230):—"For even regular foot with bajonets, and all their order and battalion quarre, have not given many instances that they can stand horse on a ground where they can act. I never heard above two or three."

In this opinion he is certainly not generally followed, the power of the musket and bayonet being almost universally considered sufficient to avert the attack of the most determined cavalry. Some modern writers have indeed advocated the Master of Sinclair's views, and cited remarkable incidents in support of them, but it would be out of place here to enter upon this controversy.

The cavalry forming Argyll's right flank, and whose successful charge determined the fortunes of the day, was principally composed of the Scots Greys, or as the Master of Sinclair calls them, the Grey Dragoons, adding the epithet, "the most terrible of any." Evan's Dragoons must not however be forgotten. Considering the unsettled state of public opinion in Scotland at that time, and the almost universal dislike to the Union then existing, there can be no doubt but that a decided victory on Mar's part would most seriously have imperilled the Revolution settlement, and that the Scots Greys and Evan's Dragoons, by their successful charge at Sheriffmuir, did more to strengthen the seat of the Hanoverian dynasty on the British throne than has ever been effected by any two regiments either before or since.

I may further be permitted to allude to one or two strange prejudices and unfounded traditions which exist regarding this engagement—the most extraordinary being that it was a battle between the Scots and English, totally forgetting that a great portion of Argyll's forces were Scots. To such an extent was this feeling carried, that when the railway to Perth, in the neighbourhood, was being constructed, the English navvies attempted to destroy a large stone which tradition said formed the centre of Mar's position, and where the Highlanders sharpened their claymores on the morning of the engagement; and the present Mr Stirling of Kipendavie has, with laudable patriotism, protected the remains of the stone by a strong iron grating, with an inscription.

The stone, however, is situated upon the crest of the rising ground, and to the south-west of the field, so that, as the Highlanders marched from the northwards, they never could have come near it, and as the engagement began immediately on their reaching the crest of the point of the hill to which they marched, they would, even if they had reached it, have had no time to sharpen their swords.

The stone, in point of fact, marked the centre of the position on which the feudal militia of the district formed, when they held their wappinschaws under the Sheriff of the county, from which the ground derives its name of Sheriff's Muir, and the stone, as correctly marked in the larger ordnance plan, was simply called the "Gathering Stone."

In conclusion, attention may perhaps be called to the singular turn which the ballad poetry giving an account of the engagement assumed.

In the olden times the rugged but impressive verses in which wars were described, were framed in the serious and melancholy strain in which it is most natural and becoming to portray the shedding of blood and infliction of human suffering, and this strain, with the exception of a few ludicrous allusions in the accounts of some of the engagements in the great civil war, and the battle of Killiecrankie, was maintained up to 1715; but in describing the battle of Sheriffmuir the Scottish muse threw off her dismal weeds, and turned the whole into a matter of reckless fun and jollity. It is indeed difficult to conceive human life and suffering more recklessly or more cleverly laughed at. One ballad, in describing the defeat of Mar's left, says:—

"The Cameron's ran as they'd been caught,
Lifting their neighbours' cows, man—
Mackenzie and the Steuart fled,
But philabeg or trews, man."

Nothing can be more graphic, or yet present the defeat of brave men in a more ludicrous attitude.

J. M. W. S.

THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL AND OSSIAN.—During His Majesty's recent visit to Inverness, he went to look at our beautiful and unique Cemetery on Tomnahurich, and was pleased to tell his guide—Mr G. Fraser—that the view therefrom was the most magnificent he ever saw. On noticing the monument erected over the grave of the late James Macpherson, solicitor, Inverness, the Emperor asked, "Is that the monument of James Macpherson, the translator of 'Ossian'?" Creditable to His Majesty and to Ossian! Intelligence and fame!!

HIGHLAND SUPERSTITION— ALLAIN DUINN.

—o—

UNDER the heading "Highland Superstition," in the *Celtic Magazine* for April, is an article by Mary Mackellar in reference to *Allan Donn*. That Mrs Mackellar's article is well written no one will deny, but that it is far from being a correct story, every one in Harris and Lewis, having any knowledge of the matter, will bear ample testimony. She not only does not give it as narrated in these places, but prefaces it with part of another story—Iain Ruadh MacDhughail. With your permission I shall give the facts of the story exactly as they occurred, and as they are to this day told in the Long Island.

Donald Campbell of Scalpay, Harris,—whose name is on record in connection with Prince Charles, when a refugee in the Western Isles after his defeat at Culloden—had a very beautiful daughter, who was so modest, pleasant, and affectionate, that she had few equals in the Isles. The charming Annie was for some considerable time, previous to the year 1768, loved by Allan Morrison, son of Roderick Morrison of Stornoway, a ship captain. Being a gallant, and withal a comely young man, his affection was reciprocated by the fair Annie. Captain Allan—he was seldom called Morrison—traded with his vessel principally between Stornoway and the Isle of Man, but he frequently went to Spain. Like many other lovers, Captain Allan, when he returned from abroad, presented the object of his affections with small presents of silk and linen—rare articles in the Highlands in those days. The more Allan saw of his Annie, the more he loved her, and he ardently longed for the day when they should be united in wedlock. This day was at length fixed; but before the happy event could take place, a voyage to the Isle of Man and back had to be accomplished. It was arranged, however, that the preliminary ceremony—the "contract"—should be gone through prior to setting out on the voyage—the evening before setting sail. For this purpose, one afternoon in the spring of 1768, Captain Allan left Stornoway for Scalpay with his vessel. Besides having a select number of relatives on board, who were to be present at the ceremony, he was accompanied by another ship, commanded by his brother, Captain Roderick. It was a fine day, with a nice breeze of fair wind, when they set sail. They did not proceed far, however, when the wind, which veered round to the south, rose suddenly to a perfect hurricane. To make matters still worse, a blinding sleet shortly afterwards set in. Nobly, but in vain, did both the ships strive to bear up against the furious onsets of the rolling Minch; but, notwithstanding their brave efforts to reach Scalpay before nightfall, they had barely reached the Shiant Isles when it was pitch dark, and thus their already dangerous situation became more perilous still. That each vessel might know the position of the other, a red light, in addition to the usual white one, was exhibited on the masts of both, and the brothers, being determined to reach their destination that night, if possible, continued to battle against the mighty billows, which now dashed themselves with fearful force against the creaking planks of the vessels, and anon broke

over
beca
Thi
hea
adv
inte
atte
bilit
sour
be c
ing
ther
of th
sink
was
aflo
dire
obse
deep
rend
Alla

so n
Scal
non
cern
arriv
were
hou
Min
Rod
thro
them
poin
her
shor
the
that
in a
broth

gene
—he
to be
wan
and
she
burst
tent
song

over them with a deafening noise. This did not continue long when it became apparent that they could not possibly hold much longer together. This was at least part of Captain Roderick's surmises, when he suddenly heard loud cries proceeding from his brother's ship. Being slightly in advance of Captain Allan at the time, and supposing that the shouts were intended as a sign for him to keep up his courage, he paid very little attention to the matter, for under the circumstances there was no possibility of rendering the least aid, should such be required. Above the sound of the raging tempest, the shouts from Allan's ship continued to be distinctly heard for a few seconds, when lo! all of a sudden the screaming ceased, and the lights on the mast suddenly disappeared. It was then, and only then, that Captain Roderick understood the real meaning of the shouts which came from his brother's crew, whose ship had been sinking, and had now evidently gone to the bottom. Although there was but little hope of his being able much longer to keep his own ship afloat, Captain Roderick, like a brave sailor and an affectionate brother, directly made for the spot where the lights of his brother's ship were last observed, but nothing, alas! was seen or heard of the ship or crew. The deep wail which now rose from Captain Roderick's crew was truly heart-rending. From that day till now nothing was seen of either Captain Allan's crew or ship.

Soon after the foundering of Captain Allan's ship, the gale moderated so much that Captain Roderick was able to reach the north harbour of Scalpay early next morning. Being expected there the previous night, none of the Campbells—who were, as might be supposed, greatly concerned for Captain Allan's safety, knowing, as they did, that his non-arrival arose from the furious tempest—went to bed that night. They were, therefore, by early dawn on the top of the hill which flanked their house, which is still standing, and from which they secured a view of the Minch in all directions. From this position they early descried Captain Roderick's ship making for the Island. As the brave vessel passed up through the narrow sound of Scalpay, the Campbells, and chief among them the fair Annie, some relatives and friends, stood on the north-east point of the Island, and, thinking it was Captain Allan's ship, welcomed her with waving handkerchiefs. But their gay signs of joy were but of short duration, for presently a small flag was observed half-mast-high, and the next moment a sharp scream burst from the lovely Annie, exclaiming that *Allan Donn* was gone! Captain Roderick's ship soon cast anchor, in a few minutes he landed, and conveyed the sad tidings of his brother's and relatives' untimely end, as above described.

I will not attempt to describe the effect which this melancholy intelligence had upon the fair Annie, whose grief at that moment knew no bounds—her heart broke for him whom she would never see again. Refusing to be comforted, she might be seen at early dawn, mid-day, and twilight, wandering sorrowfully on the shore, looking for her "dear Allan's body," and crying "*Allain Duinn shiubhlainn leat.*" She continued thus while she lived, which was only a few days, her heart having, it is said, literally burst. It is even asserted that her pure white breast wasted to that extent that an aperture was formed opposite her heart. She composed a song or lament for her devoted lover every day afterwards while she lived.

The song composed by Annie Campbell on the day she received the tidings of her beloved's death, and which Mrs Mackellar says she could not get "from any of the old people" in Harris, is entitled, "*Allan Duinn, Shiubhlainn leat.*" It has a peculiarly touching air, and is still sung by many people in the Island of Harris. It was contributed by a Harris gentleman to a well known journal, in which it appeared some six years ago, and it can now be found in Part II. of Mr Sinclair's "*Oran-aiche.*"

It was an oft expressed wish of the broken-hearted maiden that her body should be buried in the sea, that she might share her "dear Allan's grave." But whether her friends promised compliance with her request is not said. It is worthy of note, however, that his name was the last word she uttered. Surrounded by a crowded chamber of weeping friends, her gentle spirit took its flight to that brighter region which lies beyond the grave; and, though grief had wasted her body to a mere shadow, the same pleasant features which graced her in life continued to adorn her even when embraced in the cold arms of death. Her demise excited universal regret in the whole Outer Hebrides.

The respect and admiration in which Annie Campbell was held by her acquaintances in life were fully demonstrated at her death, for during the week in which her body lay in state at Scalpay, scores of people who could not, on account of the throng, obtain admission to the house of mourning, although kept open day and night, might be seen, with sad countenances and sorrowful hearts, standing around it from morn to eve, and eve to morn, and the respectful silence which prevailed among them was such that "the fall of a pin might be heard." Some people may be disposed to say that to devote a whole week to the ceremony called the "leekwake," was a needless waste of time. But, considering the great preparations which had to be made for the deceased lady's funeral, it must be confessed that it was short enough. Fifteen gallons of whisky, two or three large creelfuls of beef, mutton, and fowl, and a corresponding supply of newly-baked oaten cake, and cheese, were generally required at the interment of a common person in the Highlands in the olden times; and, although they had neither pastry nor confections from Edinburgh, nor brandy from Cognac, at Annie's funeral, the expenditure was, nevertheless, most profuse. There was gin from Schiedam, wine from Oporto, and whisky from Berneray, in unlimited quantities; and as to the supply of oat and barley meal cakes, cheese, beef, mutton, and fowl, it was simply enormous.

Rodel, the place of interment, was only twelve miles from the Island of Scalpay, but, on account of the large number of people which were to take part in the proceedings at *Cille Chliaran* (Rodel church-yard), which is supposed to have been built in the tenth century, and was dedicated to St Clement, three large galleys, or boats, were required for the funeral procession. One of the boats, which was manned by a selected crew, was intended for the coffin and chief mourners; another was for deceased's kinsfolk and friends, and the third for carrying the provisions. The day fixed for the funeral arrived—it was a Saturday in the year 1768—a day which will be remembered in Harris while a Highlander breathes on its soil. On the morning of that day, the three boats left Scalpay for

Rodel. In the foremost boat, *Am Bata Caol Channach*, was the coffin, and the chief mourners were Kenneth Campbell, deceased's brother; Campbell of Marrig, Campbell of Strond, Macleod of Hushnish, and Macleod of Luskintyre, and two or three other leading Harrismen. It also contained several casks of rum, gin, &c. The morning was so calm and pleasant that the surface of the Minch seemed like a huge sheet of glass, so that the sails, which seamen depend so much upon, were useless; but, stripped to their shirts, the stalwart oarsmen pulled their respective galleys through the briny water with great speed. The little procession had hardly passed *Rhudha Reibinish*, when a smart head-wind began to blow. The horizon was soon afterwards darkened by a sheet of black clouds, that betokened the approaching storm, which almost immediately set in. It soon blew a perfect hurricane, against which oars could make little headway. At the outset of the rising wind, the *Bata Caol Channach* set sail, was thus carried far out to sea, and was in mid-channel when the tempest was at its height. The sails were torn to shreds, and the snow, which began to fall thick and fast, hid the land from view. They were now in a most critical position, for it was impossible for any boat to live long in such an awful sea, and the boat was half full of water. They gave up all hopes of surviving many moments longer, and each began to pray earnestly for his soul's salvation, when, to their still greater horror, the form of a female—Annie's phantom—was observed quite near them, following in the wake of their boat. This extraordinary circumstance was at once laid down as one of the direst omens. Nor need we wonder much if it did, when we consider the peculiar circumstances under which the figure appeared, and the superstitious beliefs which then, and to a certain extent still, prevail in the Highlands. Each time the phantom, which seemed to scowl angrily upon them, appeared, the *Bata Caol Channach* shipped fearful seas. Life being sweet, the poor fellows used every means in their power to keep their vessel afloat. They used the wine and gin ankers, out of which they knocked the ends, spilling the liquor among the salt water, for bailing the boat. The phantom still followed, and was coming closer and closer to the boat's stern, when they recalled to mind Annie's oft expressed desire to be buried in the sea, that she might share Allan's grave; and they at once concluded that her spirit followed them, first in the storm, and now in visible shape, to enforce compliance with her last request. Some of them, therefore, advised that the coffin should immediately be committed to the deep; but to this proposal Kenneth Campbell, deceased's brother, would not consent. He was sitting in the stern of the boat, and his late sister's spirit drew so near him that she could put her hand on his shoulder. He chanced to have a bunch of keys in his pocket, to which some fabulous charm was attached, and threw them to the phantom to appease her, but without effect. By this time some of the crew lay down helplessly in the bottom of the boat, when one of the most courageous proposed that, to lighten the craft, the "knocked up" men should be thrown overboard. "Not one," replied an elderly man, "of the living shall be put out, till the dead are put out first." He had hardly finished speaking, when a huge sea rolled over the boat, which almost swamped her, and the coffin, which was then floating in the boat,

striking Kenneth Campbell on the chest, had almost pitched him overboard. He, thereupon, immediately ordered it to be thrown out, an order which, we need hardly say, was directly obeyed; but another tremendous sea again threw it into the water-logged boat. They managed, however, with great difficulty to unship it again, and knocking one of the ends out of it with their oars, all that remained of the fair Annie in a twinkling sank to the bottom of the sea, and the angry spirit immediately disappeared.

Meanwhile, the other two boats, which had never raised their sails at all, went ashore at Manish. Having landed, the men proceeded at once by land to Rodel, where they communicated the manner of their parting with the *Bata Caol Channach*, as above described. All agreed that she had foundered, "for it was impossible," they said, "for any open, or other, boat to live in the Minch that day." This was a terrible circumstance—a calamity which plunged the whole country into an overwhelming grief. The deaths of Annie Campbell and *Allan Donn* were wholly absorbed by this extraordinary affair—an affair which seemed, to all appearance, to be nothing less than a judgment from God; for the flower of the Harris gentlemen shared in one hour the same watery grave. The sorrow caused by this sad occurrence was so universal that a dry eye could not be found that evening from one end of Harris to the other; and this general grief continued for days and nights together, for all sympathized with the bereaved.

Two bards—Donald Macleod and Tormaid Cleireach—who lived in Harris at the time, immortalized the distressing event in song, of which I shall give a few verses as a specimen. The following is part of Donald Macleod's song:—

A Choinnich Chaimbeil a Sgalpaiddh,
 Bu tu fear macanta smearail :
 O, bu mhaith am fear iuil thu,
 Agus stiur na do ghlacaibh.
 'S iomadh long agus curaidh,
 San deachaidh cunnart air t-anam;
 Ach a nis chaidh do bhathadh,
 Ann s' a "Bhata Chaol Channach."
 'S iomadh long le cruinn arda,
 Thig air airin do bhaile,
 'S theid a dh'ionnsuidh do Roide,
 'S bhios a foighneachd do thalla,
 Nuair a chluinn iad nach beo thu,
 Fhir nach soradh a ceannach—
 Gu 'm bi bratach gun solas
 Ac' a seoladh o t' fhearan.
 'S Iain Mhic Aonghais a Marrig,
 'S truagh mar tha thu gun iarmad—
 Se do shuil bu ghlan fradharc,
 Fo 'a aghaidh neo iargalt.
 Cha do mheal thu ni fhuair thu,
 A thaobh dualchas do chairidibh;
 'S gur olc leam mar thachair,
 Gun do mhac bhi na t-aite.
 Mar sin is Dughal Mac Aulaidh,
 Duine ceansbridheach smearail,
 Sealgair eala agus geoidh thu,
 Agus roin ri cois mara.
 Bu tu sealgair an fhireoin,
 A bhuic mhin, eoin mara;
 Cha robh cron ort ri raitin,
 Ach nach b' ard thu o'n talamh.

Thi
 fou
 to a

B
 and a
 coinci
 sea, t
 their
 quick
 to hav
 of a s
 ward
 whith
 danger
 presen
 What
 ment,
 leaped
 wander
 kindly
 that on
 they w
 lying in
 house w
 recover
 where t

'S Clann Raonail on Linnean
 A dh'fhas gu fearachail fòrghlan,
 Agus Raonail o'n d'thainig iad
 Cha robh na ghnas a bhi briobail.
 Agus brathair an athair
 A dh'fhas gu foigheantach finealt',
 'S ged a sgrìobht' e air paiper
 Trian do nadair cha 'n inasadh.

This song has a very beautiful and melancholy air. Let me now give four stanzas and the chorus of Tormaid Cleireach's song, which is also sung to a very plaintive air:—

Chorus—Ochadan gu 'n lagich 'm eugha,
 'S eudar stad air bheagan feuma;
 Na fir shunndach bha ro threubhach,
 Bhi sa ghrund gun chomas eiridh.
 Dh' fhalbh iad leis an oigh bha taitneach,
 'S dh'fhag sin bron gun cheol 'a Sgalpaidh;
 An teaghlach muirneach 's an robh macnus,
 Bha gle dhlu do cheum na creastaichd.

Ochadan, &c.
 Be sud Di-Sathairn an uathais—
 Cha b'ann gu mathas a ghluais e;
 Cha chumadh i ceann na gualainn,
 Is marcachd-sine an druim gach stuaidhe.

Ochadan, &c.
 Sud an sgrìob a dh' fhalbh gu soilleir
 Bho taobh gach Tir-mor is Eilein—
 Alasdair chluittich Mhìc Cheinnich,
 Bu chall duthcha do ghnuis loinneil.
 Ochadan, &c.
 Teaghlach Shraunda riabh bha buadh-mhor,
 O shuidh iain air tus na uachdar—
 A Mhìc ic Choinnich tha sud cruaidh ort,
 'N t-offigeach prìseil 'nochd 'sa ghrunnda.
 Ochadan, &c.

But to return to the *Bata Caol Channach*, which we left water-logged, and about to go down in the middle of the Minch. It was a remarkable coincidence that as soon as the cold clay of the fair maiden sank in the sea, the furious storm immediately abated, and the raging billows ceased their wild commotion. The *Bata Caol Channach* was then bailed as quickly as possible, and one of the men—Malcolm Macleod—happening to have his plaid along with him, it was hoisted before the wind instead of a sail. The boat's stern was turned to the wind, which drove it forward at a considerable rate, but, being pitch dark, none of them knew whither they were going. A new danger now began to alarm them—the danger of being dashed to pieces on some shore. This fresh evil had only presented itself when the *Bata Caol Channach's* keel struck the ground. What gratitude to an all-ruling Providence filled their hearts at that moment, none but those similarly situated can tell. They immediately leaped ashore, leaving the boat in the spot where it stopped; and after wandering about for some time, stumbled upon a house, where they were kindly received and cared for. On entering this house, they discovered that one of their number was amissing, and, hungry and exhausted though they were, they immediately went to search for him, and found him lying insensible in the bows of their boat. He was at once carried to the house which they had just left, and with much care and attention he soon recovered. The place where the *Bata Caol Channach* went ashore, and where the men were so hospitably entertained, was Snizort, in the Isle of

Skye. It was some time before the Harrismen had thoroughly recovered from the hardships they underwent; but, as soon as they were able to undertake the journey, they returned home. Shortly after their return to Harris, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed in the parish church at Scarista, formerly Kilbride, and the two bards above referred to being present on the Friday of the Communion, they were requested to sing their respective songs for *Di Sathairn an Fhuadaich*—the day on which the *Bata Caol Channach* was supposed to be lost, and of which I have already given a specimen. This they did in the church in presence of the whole congregation. Donald Macleod was awarded £5 for his song, while Tormaid Cleireach received £1 for his. Of a song which Donald Macleod composed in the church that day, and sung, *extempore*, when he was awarded the £5, I will give two stanzas:—

Gu ma ean do 'n duin uasal,
'S robh uaisle is mor-chuis,
Aig an d'fhuaradh am breacan
Nuair a shrachdadh a seol oirn.
Nuair a bha iad nan eigin
Bha e feumail gu leor dhoibh;
'S ged a thug e gu tir iad
Gu 'm bi mhiorbhuile mhor e.
Carson a bhiodh sinn fo iognadh
Air son miorbhuil' cho mor 's aid?
'S gur a tric sinn a leughadh
Mar a dh'eirich do Iona.
Nuair a chuireadh a mach e
'S a ghlaic a mhuc-mhor e.
Chuir i rithist gu traigh e
Is e gu sabhailte beo uaip.

The *Offigeach priseil* mentioned in Tormad Cleireach's song was a John Macleod, who had been an officer in the 92d, or Gordon Highlanders. He was said to be one of the best swimmers in the Outer Hebrides. He lived for a long time after *Di-Sathairn an Fhuadaich*, but though he escaped that day, he was at last accidentally drowned in Loch Borrodale, near Rodel. Kenneth Campbell, Annie's brother, was also drowned. He commanded a vessel, and being met by a French pirate, his ship, after being robbed, was sent to the bottom—every soul on board perishing. There are many other anecdotes connected with the men who composed the crew of the *Bata Caol Channach* on the occasion referred to, but I must stop, merely mentioning, in conclusion, that the body of the unfortunate *Allan Donn* was found at the Shiant Isles shortly after the death of his sorrowing lover, Annie, and was interred with befitting solemnities in the family sepulchre in Lewis. As a most extraordinary coincidence, the body of the fair Annie Campbell was soon after *Di-Sathairn an Fhuadaich* also found at the Shiant Isles, and in the very spot where the body of her lover was recovered. Whether it was placed in the same grave as Allan tradition does not record.

Malcolm Macleod—grandson of Malcolm Macleod, whose plaid was used as a sail in the *Batta Caol Channach*—elder in the Free Church at Tarbert, Harris, who only died about two years ago, repeatedly told me this story. The *Bata Caol Channach* was so called on account of being purchased by the Campbells from a man in the Island of Canna.

MAC IAIN.

The f
and n
under
braes
any m
rhodoc
On m
having
waving
New
Natur
which
theref
vigoro
positio
teristi
of esc
from
anima
Britain
the H
Celtic
inasm
not to
arising
prietor
vocati
have f
of all
whom
had fr
Landl
money
Lond
or that
their c
grubb
solatio
it, wit
that t
the m
hold
beasts
only
*Abrid

THE EDUCATION OF THE HIGHLANDER.

BY PROFESSOR BLACKIE.*



THE fundamental postulate of all healthy education is that it be native and national—that is, growing naturally out of a firm local root, and under the influences of a healthy local environment. On the Highland braes in September a man likes to see the flush of the heather; and, if any man were to take a fancy to pull up all this native bloom and plant rhododendrons, no man will either praise his taste or approve of his work. On my estate, if I were a Highland laird, I should be more proud of having the sturdiest old Scotch pines, and the greatest wealth of graceful-waving birches, than if I had in my pinery all the wealth of California, New Zealand, and Cabool. You ask why—Simply because Nature is Nature, and by Divine right possesses both a strength and a propriety which only a false taste and a shallow affectation will dispute. Let this, therefore, stand. The education of the Highlander, if it is to be natural, vigorous, and graceful, and in harmony with the congruities of his position, and the divinely ordered system of the universe, must be characteristically and emphatically Highland. There is, indeed, only one way of escaping this proposition, and the corollaries which we shall see flow from it; and that is, by asserting that the Highlander is an obsolete animal, and not entitled to any recognition in the social system of Great Britain. And it is unhappily only too true that, in particular districts of the Highlands, the Highlander is not only an obsolete animal, so far as Celtic nature and character are concerned, but actually an extinct animal, inasmuch as, in extensive districts once dotted with happy houses, he is not to be found at all—a most unnatural and unsound state of things, arising from the folly or selfishness of a certain class of Highland proprietors, who, utterly forgetful of their noble position, and their high vocation as the heads and representatives of society in the Highlands, have followed a course of social economy which has ended in the abolition of all local society, and in the extermination of the noble race of peasantry whom they are specially bound to protect. Wherever these persons have had free sway, the Highlander, certainly, has become an extinct animal. Landlords who look upon their estates principally as a means of getting money, which they may spend in luxurious living and idle dissipation, in London or elsewhere, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of their people; or that other class who cannot be distinguished except by the scale of their own performances, from the lowest class of muck-rakes and money-grubbers, and who will willingly surrender a whole beautiful glen to desolation, provided they can screw another hundred pounds or two out of it, with more certainty to themselves and less trouble to their factor; and that third class, scarcely more reputable—certainly not less selfish than the money-loving, rent-gathering absentee—the gentlemen, I mean, who hold Highland estates principally for the culture of deer and other wild beasts, who make a business and a consuming passion of what should only be a manly sport and a healthful recreation. All these classes are

*Abridged from his Address at the Annual Assembly of the Gaelic Society of Inverness,
F 2

the natural enemies of the population in the districts that are legally subject to their unfortunate masterdom, and are systematically employed in the unnatural work of making the Highlander an extinct animal in his own country. But it is not our business to discuss their doings in this place; we shall leave them, in passing, to the public reprobation and historical infamy which they deserve, and proceed to remark that though such unnatural landlords have succeeded in doing an amount of social mischief that can never be repaired, the selfish feelings and shallow notions by which they are possessed, though fond enough of parading themselves, are yet not strong enough to contend with certain rooted facts, which, like trees of the growth of long centuries, will stand a considerable amount of windy bluster without showing any inclination to fall. It is not easy to calculate the amount of historical ignorance that may exist in the brain-chambers of shallow witlings, incapable of estimating anything but the current fashion and dominant prejudice of the day; but the memories of nations are not so short; and a peculiar people, with their own struggles, their own blood, their own language, their own poetry, their own music, and their own beautiful country, and a people which has performed such a noble part in the history of Great Britain as the Scottish Highlanders, will not so easily become obsolete. The Bible in the mother tongue ought to form the nucleus of all sound moral and intellectual education in this country. And this is specially true with regard to the Highlanders, who are a decidedly religious people. Do we not as Protestants maintain the peculiar privilege and sacred right of every individual Christian to search the Scriptures? And is it not a plain stultifying of our religious professions if we put the casket into the hands of the people, and keep the key to ourselves? To me, and to any man of common sense, it must seem only a necessary corollary that, in whatever parish Gaelic sermons are preached, in that parish Gaelic Bibles ought to be read, and studied, and expounded, historically, geographically, and grammatically, both in the family and in the school. And if there be any Highlander, naturally speaking Gaelic, in whose schooling this element has been omitted, I cannot feel the slightest hesitation in saying that the most efficient engine provided by Nature and by God for the education of Highlanders has in his case been stupidly neglected, and a less efficient engine deliberately chosen. Then as to the *People's Song Book*, every Highlander knows how rich and various, and how full of noble stimulus and elevating inspiration, the Gaelic song book is. We shall find that there are schools, perhaps in the most Highland districts of the Highlands, where not a single note of your rich popular melody is ever heard, not a single heroic ballad ever read, or a single lay of touching beauty and pathos ever sung. We can only say that such schools, however well conducted in some respects, are just as deficient and as unnatural as a Highland river without salmon, a Highland glen without wood, or a Highland ben without granite rock. I have mentioned the people's Bible and the people's song book as the two grand engines of general education, which ought to be as potently at work in every Highland school, as spinning jennies and other whirring machines are in the Glasgow manufactories. But there are some other engines of Gaelic literary culture which ought to receive a recognised position in all well organised High-

land schools. We should have Mackintosh's Gaelic Proverbs, and another work, which ought ever to receive a prominent place in the furniture of a good Highland school, is the well-known *Teachdaire*, or *Gaelic Courier*, composed principally by the Rev. Norman Macleod, the father of the late Norman, and republished by Dr Clerk of Kilmallie, in three parts, under the name of *Caraid nan Gaidheal*. Any person who has but occasionally dipped into this most delightful volume, full of geniality, humour, practical wisdom, rational piety, and good sense, will not fail to have seen that it is made of the very properest stuff—not to mention the classicality of its style—for the education of young Highlanders; at least all must admit that it contains whole chapters full of useful information, delicate humour, and fine human pathos, that for Highland, or even Lowland, purposes is not surpassed, or rather very seldom been equalled, by any book of English extracts used in the best schools in the kingdom. I have given prominence to the above books principally as specimens of classical Gaelic in prose and verse, with the recommendation at the same time of being literally stuffed with matter of the most strengthening and salubrious quality, for the moral and intellectual improvement of the young Gael. Civil history, or the record of the leading events in the history of human society, and especially of those events out of which the stage of our present social energies grew up, has generally received a certain share of fair treatment in our schools; but I question much if in Highland schools the history of the Highlands proper, or that part of British history on which Celtic heroism and gallantry has stamped such a signature of glory, has received, or does now receive, the prominence which it unquestionably deserves. If there does not exist already, there should certainly be made for every Highland school, a history of Scotland with a peculiarly Highland tinge—a history in which the brilliant exploits of Montrose, and the loyal devotedness of the clansmen in the '45, would appear as prominent scenes in a CELTIC PLUTARCH, performing the same service to young Highlanders that the works of the rare old Chæro-nean did to the Greeks and Romans of the second century. For such a Plutarch there exist the most ample materials, not only in the memories of 1545 and 1745, but in the wide range of the records of our military history and geographical discovery up to the most recent period. And I need scarcely observe, after what I have said, that in every parish of a decidedly Highland character—that is, practically every parish where Gaelic is preached—such a Plutarch should be written in the mother tongue.

So far as Gaelic, and a characteristically Gaelic culture, is concerned, it will naturally either drop, in the middle schools, or assume a subordinate position; and this for the very obvious reason that the mass of the middle and upper classes, for whom chiefly the middle schools exist, are Saxon, if not always in heart and blood, at least in their speech. At the same time a certain provision should be made in all middle schools in Highland districts for the higher culture of Gaelic; for, not to mention other considerations, there will always naturally be found in these schools a certain number of young men, drawn from the lower classes, destined to become preachers and teachers in essentially Highland districts; and if such provision is not made in the middle schools, their Gaelic, as an

organ of expression, will naturally become rusty, and (as has very generally happened in Scotland) will have to be refurbished at considerable expense of time and brain at a less convenient season in later years. Anyhow, under a healthy system, even where English alone is recognised in such middle schools, a certain Highland atmosphere will naturally prevail, and certain peculiarities which would distinctly mark out the style and tone of instruction in such a school, say at Inverness, from a similar institution at Perth or Aberdeen. Highland subjects will be treated with a natural preference—sections of British history in which the Gael had performed the principal part will be discussed in fuller detail. Highland songs will be sung every day, and the most sublime passages of Ossian, along with the beautiful descriptions of scenery in Duncan Ban and Alister Macdonald recited, and perhaps acted in character on show days. Shinty, of course, and every characteristically Highland sport, will be cultivated on holidays. The picturesque, the patriotic, and healthy Highland garb will be worn by all the scholars. The Highland plume will wave on the bonnet of every prizeman, and every young Celtic thane will tread his native heath with a healthy consciousness that he is neither a Cockney nor an Etonian, and has drunk in among the breezes of his native hills more strength and more manhood, and more bracing culture, than if he had been drilled for long years at some great English school in pedantic preparation for a course of meagre mathematics at Cambridge, or of Greek metres, Latin elegies, and High Churchism at Oxford. With or without the Gaelic language he will grow up a Highlander, as he was born, and present to the world, undisguised and unperverted, one of the finest types of manhood that history knows, not, as too frequently happens, transplanted precociously into a soil and an atmosphere in which he is obliged to stint and to starve the best elements of his nature, in order to be transformed into a middle sort of creature, destitute alike of the sturdy energy which belonged to his original character, and the native grace of the foreign model. Such is always the penalty which Nature makes those of her children pay who reject the conditions of life which she gave them, and with a snobbish affectation are eager to appropriate what she had wisely denied them. According to her principle, the boy, as the thoughtful poet says, is the father of the man. But according to the notion which seems to have possessed those who send their sons to Eton and Harrow in order that they might forget to be Highlanders and become Englishmen, it is the father that strangles the boy, and the result of this unnatural strangulation is that the creature, by such process, is in danger of developing into something which is neither a Highlander nor an Englishman, but an accomplished coxcomb perhaps, or a heartless prig, or any other form of what the world calls a fine gentleman.

The third stage of popular education is of course the University; and to avoid expatriation, I shall take the special case of a Highland proprietor, and attempt to sketch a sort of model training for him from the time he leaves the school till his entry on the duties of public life, to which his position naturally invites him. I shall suppose the school course finished, and the manly education commenced at the age of eighteen; and, as a matter of course, a young man destined to perform a public part in the organism of Scottish society should go to a Scottish and not to an English or any

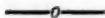
foreign University—at least not in the first instance. Let three years, therefore, be spent in attending classes in the Scottish Universities, those classes preferably which specially bear on the life and occupations of country gentlemen—to wit, agriculture and agricultural chemistry, geology, botany, forestry, moral and political philosophy, sociology, political economy, elements of law, public, private, and constitutional; modern history from the Reformation downwards, and ecclesiastical polity. This is a pretty wide range; but it may be varied of course according to the taste of the individual; philological or mathematical studies, also, where a special talent is indicated, may be pursued into their higher departments; especially the scientific study of the Celtic languages on the inductive principle of comparative philology, ought, if possible, along with a course of Celtic history and antiquities, to receive some academical attention from those who are destined to live as the heads and representatives of a Celtic-speaking population. After finishing this course the young Celtic laird will now be one-and-twenty, and so far as the Celtic root and Scottish growth of his training is concerned, pretty fairly rigged out. But we are Britons as well as Celts and Scots, and we are the subjects of a Gracious Lady on whose Empire the sun never sets; therefore, in addition to a national, but not in anywise as a substitute for it, a certain taste of English, European, and Oriental culture belongs necessarily to every person who is called to take a prominent position in the public life of this country. I therefore counsel two years at an English University, and two years of foreign travel, to equip my model laird completely according to the idea of Plato or the model of John Knox; and after having gone through this rich and various course, at the age of twenty-five he will take his place, not as a stranger unacquainted with the language and the habits of the people, or as a meagre economist, land-merchant, and money maker, much less as an ignorant, self-indulgent, game-preserving, and rent-consuming absentee; but, proud of his position, to use St Paul's noble language, as "a fellow-worker with God" in the social economy of the country, and bound by every principle of honour, and by every bond of human kindness, to maintain and to increase, even to his own loss and hurt, as will happen occasionally, the prosperity of the people to whom he has been appointed overseer. A man so educated as I have sketched will not be apt to surrender his paternal acres to the control of factors or lawyers, a class of men by their position, if not exactly by their inclination, more given to be harsh and severe than kindly and considerate in their treatment of the people. He will see with his own eyes, and if he belongs to the good old school, work stoutly with his own hands as occasion may offer; and while he will gladly follow the example of the good old lairds in bringing down a deer or hooking a salmon in the natural haunts of these creatures, he will not degrade himself nor betray his people by looking on his property mainly as a game preserve, and himself merely as a mighty hunter before the Lord. Such is my model landlord.

It is now your business to ask the question, how far this ideal has been realised? And here I need scarcely say that not only in this case, as in most others, does the real limp lamentably behind the ideal, but the ideal has in a great measure been publicly disowned even by the

Highlanders themselves, while the Lowlander, as before said, has already fully made up his mind that the Highlander is an "obsolete animal," *civiliter mortuus*, as the lawyers say, and entitled only to recognition by way of parade on a holiday to amuse Cockney lords and ladies beholding Bens and bare legs for the first time, or in a page flushed with Stuart or Macgregor tartan in one of Scott's novels. That the Lowlanders should think in this fashion is quite natural; majorities are always insolent, and in the present case the Saxons have both multitude and money; but the abnegation of the Highlanders by themselves is a monstrosity in social pathology which could not have been a notable and lamentable fact now but for the faults and follies of previous generations of Highlanders, working along with a succession of political and economical mischances, all tending toward taking the heart out of the Highlands and leaving the arms with no nerve in them to strike. It is quite unnecessary that I should particularise the series of unfortunate events which, from 1645 downwards, and at a more galloping pace since the brilliant folly of 1745, have tended to empty the Highlands of its best elements, and to depress and denationalise what remains. A class of people there are who are fond to call this state of social depression and degradation "progress." We ought to be thankful, they say, that, at whatever sacrifice, we have at length escaped from the barbarism and tyranny of the feudal system, and have been redeemed into the glorious independence of a commercial age. I have studied this subject carefully for many years, and my conclusion is, that whatever might have been the occasional enormities practised under the feudal or rather the clan system in the Highlands (for feudalism was never native in the glens), on the whole, the Highlanders have lost a great deal more than they gained by its abolition; and as to the commercial system, to which our wonderful modern progress is so complacently ascribed, I can see no comparison in point of social value between the bond of mutual love and respect, which were the cement of Highland society under the clan system, and the bond of cash payment and merchant lairds that are now substituted for it. The commercial system is a very proper law for merchants, but taken alone, it is utterly worthless to produce patriots or heroes, or even good citizens. But let this pass. What I have to insist on here is that the whole doctrine, sentiment, and practice, in regard to the education of Highlanders for the last hundred years and more, has, in a great generality of cases, been exactly counter to the above sketch. It tended directly not to make but to unmake an accomplished Highlander, and has succeeded in general only too well. The Disarming Act of 1746 forbade Highlanders to wear the Highland dress. It would almost seem as if from that period downwards they had become ashamed of nursing a Highland heart beneath a Lowland coat; for they did actually in many respects act as if they were ashamed of themselves, and the disuse of the outward symbol gradually accustomed them to ignore the existence of the inward thing signified. Certain it is that many of the upper classes, whose example has always exercised a strong elevating or corrupting influence on the lower—even those who were most patriotic in show of tartan and sound of pipe—were utterly ignorant of the literature of their own language, told their daughters never to speak a word of Gaelic, and sent their sons to Eton and Harrow that

they might with all speed forget the language they had sucked in with their mothers' milk, make their ears incapable of enjoying the music that had stirred the heroism of a hundred fights, and learn to look on their Highland estates as unkindly solitudes fitted only for rearing mutton to line the stomachs of Edinburgh lawyers and Glasgow tradesmen. These things being so, the practical question remains, how far that portion of the Highland people who, under such a press of discouraging influences, have remained faithful to their old traditions, and still feel the force of their old aspirations, may hope to assert themselves, and carry out to a certain extent the ideal of a genuine Highland education for Highlanders, such as I have endeavoured to set before you. The practical means by which this may be done will be various, according to circumstances. I will mention only two that strike me as peculiarly worthy of support and imitation. The first is that the Highlanders of the present day, if they wish to assert themselves in the face of the flood of ignorance, indifference, and prejudice with which they are constantly confronted, must make it a point of honour to support an organ in the public press where their case may be truly stated and their cause ably advocated; and I need not say that the necessary organ has been provided for them, in a way powerful and prosperous beyond expectation, in the *Ard Albannach* of Mr John Murdoch. I am very far, of course, from wishing to connect myself as an individual with some of Mr Murdoch's doctrines, or advising the Highlanders to connect themselves wholesale to his political, ecclesiastical, or economical guidance. He may have made rash statements, and vented perilous speculations occasionally, but what editor has not? But, as a friend of the Highlanders, I consider myself bound to support *The Ard Albannach*. Next I advise you to follow the noble example of Mr Mackay of Swansea, who has organised a system of school stimulus and encouragement in his native parish of Rogart, the spirit and details of which are worthy of imitation in every parish of the Highlands. But the fact is that whatever means may be thought advisable, according to circumstances, for asserting the Celtic element in Highland parishes as its comparative predominance may require, no means can be of any value, and no machinery will produce any substantial result, unless the people really wish to be Highlanders, and not only wish, but are determined to be so. How much Celtic fire may still stir the veins of the Trans-Grampian people, notwithstanding the long process of depletion to which they have been subjected, I cannot tell. I am only a spectator and a Saxon, anxious, no doubt, that the noble species of the Briton—called Highlander—shall not be extinguished from our glens, but utterly unable to say how far it may be prudent or possible for him to attempt resistance to the dispeopling and depopularizing influences that are everywhere forced so violently upon him. If the lion is not sick, let him roar; if he does not roar I shall conclude that he is either dead or dying. And, if he does die, I shall, of course, drop a few tears over his grave, and console myself in Stoical fashion, by saying that I knew that I had loved a mortal; but if he be indeed sick and ready to die, I am not at all prepared in anywise to rush in with officious polypharmacy to save him. The man who wishes to die is more than half dead already; and the sooner he dies the better, both for the living, with whom he cannot act, and for the dead, to whom he is most akin.

THE ROUT OF MOY.



THE River Findhorn, which rises in the Monadhliath Mountains, flows through the glen of Strathdearn. Its scenery passes from Alpine to Lowland, exhibits almost every variety of the picturesque, strikes the eye with force or delight all the way from the source to the sea, and is not excelled in aggregate richness by the scenery of any river or stream north of the Tay.

The river is remarkable for the rapidity with which it rises and falls, and for its swift torrent, which, when in flood, often takes a straight course at the cost of much injury to life and property. In 1829 Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, with powerful dramatic effect, told the story of the floods which then ravaged Morayshire along the courses of the rivers descending from the Monadhliath and Cairngorm Mountains, notably the Findhorn and Spey, both of which rose to an unexampled height, in some parts of their course to fifty feet above their natural level.

The valley of Strathdearn will amply repay a visit. The Findhorn begins at the very head of the valley, and first issues forth through a remarkable rent in the rock called Clach Sgoilte, or the cloven stone. As it passes onwards it is joined by various small streams, proceeding from minor glens called shealings, into which the Highlanders were in the habit of driving their cattle to feed on abundance of the richest natural grass, sheltered from the scorching heat of the summer sun. There are indeed many lovely spots along the course of the river, and by the little rills among the hills, unknown *now*, save to the shepherd and the gamekeeper, servants of the sportsman who *rents the district*. There are the natural wood trees, "the oak and the ash, and the bonnie elm tree," the alder and the birch, the lady of the wood, and then the rivulets which drop from pool to pool, and anon hiding themselves among sandstone ledges deeply bedded in dark sedge and broad, bright burdock leaves, and tall angelica, and tufts of king and crown and lady fern. Up the glens there are bits of boggy moor, all fragrant with the gold-tipped gale, and the turf is enamelled with the hectic marsh violet and the pink pimpernel, and the pale yellow leaf stars of the butter wort, and the blue bells and green threads of the ivy-leaved campanula. And then to stop a few minutes and look around on the earth, like one great emerald, set round with heathery amethyst roofed with sapphire, in the distance the blue sea and blue mountains, and covering all the bright blue sky overhead; and under foot the wayside fringed with the purple vetch, the golden bedstraw and the fragrant meadow-queen, while at intervals the wild rasp bushes, adorned with their crimson berries, offer a tempting refreshment to the passing bird, and the barefooted boy and girl rambles. The time of the wild rose is past, but the hips and haws will soon put on their red, red coats, the coral beads are even now in cluster on the rowan tree, while the bramble trails over every ditch with its delicious load of juicy, purpling fruit. "Eheu fugaces labuntur anni!" Well does the schoolboy

love the rough skinned bramble, and often in the sunny days of boyhood do his fingers and lips know the stains of its luscious blobs :—

"The bramble berries were our food,
The water was our wine,
And the linnet in the self same bush,
Came after us to dine.
And grow it in the woods sae green,
Or grow it on the brae,
We like to meet the bramble bush,
Where'er our footsteps gae."

As the ramble proceeds, the surrounding country becomes highly picturesque. Now we have a crag robed in lichen cropping upwards, and crowned with heather and tangled foliage; now we have a little runlet jinking among the seggans, and singing a sweet undersong as it steals down its tiny glen; and now a landscape all yellow with "golden shields flung down from the sun," in the foreground, and the glorious hills backing all behind. Verily, Strathdearn is a lovely glen.

About a mile from the church of Moy there is a singular hollow, called "Ciste chraig an coin" (the chest of the Craig of the bird), surrounded by high rocks, and accessible only through one narrow entrance. Situated close to the Pass called "Starsach nan Gael"—the Doorstep of the Highlanders—it was used as a place of concealment for their wives and children by the Highlanders during their absences on predatory excursions into the low country. This is the scene of one of those romantic achievements which so marked the rebellion of '45.

Previous to the Battle of Culloden, Prince Charlie was for some days at Moyhall, the guest of Colonel Ann, as Lady Mackintosh was called. The Chief himself, with a prudence to be commended, took the Royalist side, leaving what in this case was hardly the weaker vessel, to espouse the cause of the Prince, for whom the distant clans were arming. Mackintosh himself was absent in Ross-shire, in the King's service, but his wife, who was a daughter of Farquharson of Invercauld, entertained the Prince, and was so enthusiastic in his cause that she afterwards raised a regiment of 400 of her husband's clan and followers to support him.

With these she joined Lord Strathallan, who had been left by Prince Charles at Perth, to collect troops and military stores, and these Mackintoshes afterwards fought at Culloden. Her ladyship was no favourer of half measures. At times she rode at the head of her regiment, with a man's hat on her head, and pistols at her saddle-bow—hence her soubriquet of Colonel Ann.

That Prince Charles was at Moyhall, the guest of Lady Mackintosh, was well known to the Earl of London, whose detachment of Royalist troops then occupied Inverness, about twelve miles distant. At breakfast his lordship, discussing his information with his officers, suddenly formed the decision to move on Moyhall in order to surprise the young Chevalier, gain the offered reward, and save the country from further bloodshed. A Highland lassie who waited at table in the "Horns" over-

heard their plans, and at once, barefooted and bareheaded, ran on to Moy-hall to tell of the danger.

The tidings produced consternation and confusion, for there were no troops to defend the House of Moy, nor meet the coming foe. But Colonel Ann, and the council of war she assembled, were equal to the occasion. Donald Fraser, the Chief's blacksmith, afterwards known as "Caipitin nan Cuignear," the Captain of the Five, at once left his forge, and taking along with him five men whom she named, hurried off with sword and musket to repel the 1500 invading troops.

It was in the dusk of the evening when they reached the narrow pass of Craig an Eoin, two miles from the Hall, and there they waited the approach of the foe. There was a quantity of turf divots and peats set up to dry, in small hillocks or stacks, and Donald and his men, in order the better to watch the motions of the troops, placed themselves a few hundred yards asunder among these heaps, concealed by the shadows of the hills rising on either side.

They were hardly in ambush when they became aware of the approach of the soldiers. It was the dusk of the evening. Now was the time for action. Fraser waited till the army was within 100 yards, when, starting up, the command was passed from Donald, and then from man to man, in a loud voice, along a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile—"The Mackintoshes, the Macgillivrays, the Macbeans to form instantly the centre; the Macdonalds on the right, and the Frasers on the left." All this in the hearing of the commander-in-chief of the Royal army, accompanied by the firing of the muskets of the concealed party. Macrimmon, the piper in the advance guard of the Macleods, fell, and this, coupled with the fear that masses of Highlanders were ready to surround them, and cut them to pieces, caused the troops to flee back precipitately to Inverness, where Lord Loudon, not considering himself safe, continued his route to Sutherlandshire, a distance of seventy miles, where he took up his quarters.

Fraser returned quietly with the dirk of the fallen piper, and was locally promoted to the rank of captain. He fought afterwards bravely at Culloden, and his sword is still kept, with many another piece of rusty armour, at Tomatin House.

Thus ended what has been humorously called the Rout of Moy.

Among the most celebrated pipers in the Highlands, attached to and holding high rank in their several clans, were the MacCrimmons, the MacArthurs, attached to the Macdonalds—from whom they held the lands of Peingowen, in Trotternish, for the support of a seminary for teaching pipe music, and where the little green hills of Cnocphail were their daily practice ground—the Macgregors of Fortingal, the Mackays of Gairloch, the Rankines of Coul, and the Macintyres of Rannoch.

In the bay of Dunvegan is the farm of Borrevaig, once the site of a college of pipers, instituted by the MacCrimmons, long the hereditary pipers of the Macleods, and universally acknowledged the greatest masters of pipe music in the Highlands. A cave opening to the bay is pointed out as the place in which the scholars received their instructions, which were systematic and protracted.

M
rents
one h
up th
thei
T
hered
any r
A
havin
the b
I
Chief
at th
twelv
taken
C
breth
Lord
and
ship
a pri
short
abov
C
the
mon
"Ch
shal
Can

the
the
coul
"C

och
nex

Macleod bestowed on them the farm of Borrevaig rent free, but when rents rose, the then Macleod proposed to resume possession, and to secure one half to MacCrimmons in fee. This the proud musicians declined, broke up the pipe college of Borrevaig, and from that day ceased as a family their cultivation of pipe music on the "piob mhor."

The MacCrimmons, or Chruimmin, are a minor sept, and were the hereditary pipers to the Macleods of Macleod. The first of whom there is any notice was Iain Odhar, or dun-coloured John, who lived in 1600.

About the middle of the 17th century Patrick Mor MacCrimmon, having lost seven sons (he had eight in all) within a year, composed for the bagpipe a touching "Lament for the Children," *Cumhadh na Cloinne*.

In 1745 Macleod's piper was Donald Ban MacCrimmon. When that Chief, who was opposed to Prince Charlie, along with Munro of Culcairn, at the head of 700 clansmen, fought and were defeated at Inverurie, twelve miles from Aberdeen, by Lord Louis Gordon, Donald Ban was taken prisoner.

On this occasion a striking mark of respect was paid to him by his brethren of the pipes, which at once procured his release. The pipers in Lord Louis's following did not play the next morning as was their wont, and on inquiry into this unusual circumstance, it was found by his lordship and his officers that the pipes were silent because MacCrimmon was a prisoner, when he was immediately set at liberty. He was, however, shortly after killed in the attempt to capture the Prince at Moyhall, as above related.

On the passing of the Heritable Jurisdiction Abolition Bill, in 1747, the occupation of hereditary pipers was gone. Donald Dubh MacCrimmon, the last of them, died in 1822, aged 91. The affecting lament, "Cha till, Cha till, tha till Mac-Chruimean"—MacCrimmon shall never, shall never, shall never return—was composed on his departure for Canada.

TORQUIL.

THE CORNISH LANGUAGE.—Next year (1878) being the 100th year since the date when the Cornish language actually ceased to be spoken, through the death of an old woman at Mousehold, Penzance, the last person who could converse in it fluently, it has been proposed to commemorate the "Centenary" by holding a congress of Celtic scholars at Truro or Penzance.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—"The Depopulation of Aberarder in Badenoch, 1770," By Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., will appear in our next.

DESTITUTION IN THE HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

BY THE REV. ALEX. MACGREGOR, M.A.

IV.

WHEN the lands are once converted, as proposed in the preceding article, by a local process of enlargement, into shares, severally adapted for the maintenance of a single family, every encouragement should be given to improvement, both by draining and fencing that which is presently to some degree arable, as well as by trenching in and reclaiming waste lands. It is known to everyone who has made a tour of the Highlands, that vast tracts of land are to be met with in a state of sterility, and without even condescending on the spaces and patches of ground which are presently useless within the very bounds of their measured lots, immense ranges lie under moss, which are presently looked upon as irredeemable. It is acknowledged that waste lands of this description incur considerable expense ere they are reclaimed, and it may be objected that the crofter has no capital, and consequently no means wherewith to effect such improvement. This objection might be justly pleaded were the crofter under the necessity of converting all his waste ground into arable land within the space of a year, or any other limited period. But such need not be the case. Let the work go on gradually, and however small the portion reclaimed in a season may be, the benefits arising from it will prove a more powerful stimulus to proceed with the improvement thus commenced, than could be effected by any advices on the subject, however persuasively given.

As limestone is to be found in most Highland districts, every family might make lime for itself, unless the inhabitants of contiguous hamlets would see fit to club together, and manufacture quantities of that most useful commodity for the benefit of their lands. Lime is very little used by the small tenants in the Hebrides as a stimulant, for many indeed are ignorant of its good effect upon the soil. A variety of very important improvements should thus be carried on, all tending to the advantage of the landlord and tenant, and thus to the community at large. Those domestic concerns which are at present so grossly mismanaged, would be conducted on more approved and genial principles. By the employment of horses both men and women would be freed from a degree of slavery by which they were so long enthralled, and would be no more subject to grievous and unnatural acts of labour. Creels would give place to carts, and the "cäs-chrom," so long an instrument of toil, would be for ever discarded. Works of industry would arise from the due management of their more extensive possessions—works which would amply repay their labour. Thus, annual migrations to distant parts of the kingdom for chance employment would for ever cease. Long, fruitless, and fatiguing journeys would be discontinued. The natives would become a sort of domesticated community, who would live in comparative ease and comfort

on the
spring
would
impossi

Aft
from a
of agric
mains
effect, h
is,

Fish
ring ap
the Hel
both fo
has dea
annual
sea, wh
years a
and oth
them to
the stat
far less
day. I
afford
varietie
seas, w
tage to
fishing
which
weather
nothing
natives
spect ra
on the

The
descript
norther
into wh
capital.
and sup
quantit
over, th
way fis
sixpenc
to size
use of f
skill in
mornin
Saturd

on their own resources. Health, happiness, and independence would spring up in every quarter, and even the appearance of famine in future would become, under the blessing of heaven, a matter of rare and almost impossible occurrence.

After thus adverting to the benefits which would flow to the people from a reduction of the population, as well as from an improved system of agriculture, one other source of useful and profitable employment remains to be dealt with, which seems to be the only local source to this effect, besides husbandry, which lies within the reach of the people—that is,

Fisheries.—It has been already mentioned that at one period the herring appeared in immense shoals in every loch and bay which intersect the Hebridean Isles, and that the natives caught it in large quantities, both for the market and for domestic consumption. But while that fish has deserted its wonted places of resort, it is well ascertained that, in its annual migrations, it passes by in the streams and currents of the deep sea, where the people have neither skill nor materials to catch it. Some years ago, when it abounded in almost every creek, the people had nets and other necessities for procuring it. Their circumstances then enabled them to provide such things as are now beyond their reach—besides that the stations which that fish then frequented enabled them to catch it with far less skill, as well as with less danger and expense, than at the present day. Herring, however, is not the only fish which might, through time, afford the natives lucrative employment. Cod and ling, and endless varieties of lesser fish, frequent the banks and currents of the western seas, which might, through skilful management, turn out of vast advantage to the people. As matters stand at present, the benefit derived from fishing is very limited indeed. With the exception of small quantities which are caught by such of the natives as are able and inclined, in good weather, to go in quest of for the immediate use of their families, little or nothing is secured for the market in many of the Western Isles. The natives of the Lews must, however, be excepted, who are in this respect rather industrious, and catch considerable quantities of cod and ling on the western coast of their island.

The London cod smacks furnish ample proof that white fish of this description is still abundant in the open channels which surround the northern Hebridean islands. These vessels are furnished with "wells," into which the fish is put alive, and is brought in that state to the British capital. A certain number of these vessels visit the Lews coast annually, and supply the London market, during the season, with considerable quantities of fish in excellent condition. When the London season is over, they are generally engaged for some weeks in supplying the Stornoway fishcurers with the fruits of their industry, giving them the ling for sixpence, or so, each, and the cod for threepence or fourpence, according to size and quality. It is said that hand-lines are the only tackle made use of by these English fishermen, and that they are possessed of so much skill in their vocation that a vessel, by leaving Stornoway on Monday morning, and resorting to banks in the deep seas, returns on the following Saturday evening having incredible quantities of fish on board.

About the year 1810, an English fish speculator of the name of De-graves visited the shores of Orkney and Shetland, and there carried on his traffic with considerable success. The fishermen whom this gentleman is said to have employed were Dutch, and it is reported that, had he not ruined his prospects with over-speculation, the undertaking would have proved very successful.

Several years ago a man from Fraserburgh, in Aberdeenshire, went to the coasts of South Uist, where, from his skill and perseverance in fishing, he not only benefited himself by his industry, but also the natives of Uist by his example. He had, in all, four boats and twenty-one men, and his speculation was so successful, that he cured from forty to fifty tons of fish during the season.

The greatest fishing now carried on in the Western Isles, besides that by the London vessels already mentioned, is by the Irish, who have frequented for some years back the different banks in the channels between Barra Head, Coll, and Tiree. They are supplied with large Portross wherries, well adapted for the boisterous stations which they make choice of, as well as carrying the produce of their labours, generally to the Irish markets.

While such examples are recorded as to the extent to which fishing might be carried on, as well as to the advantages which might be derived from it, it will be observed that the same has been almost entirely effected by strangers, while the natives, who so very much require such advantages, are incapacitated, from want both of skill and means, to avail themselves of the benefits which are otherwise within their reach.

It becomes a matter of serious consideration *how* and *when* they are to be supplied with the means of fishing on a proper system. The question comes to be, whether that should be done under their presently constituted state of society, or whether the same should be deferred until the population be reduced in the manner already suggested?

From the various preparatory steps necessary to establish fisheries on a proper basis, it would appear difficult to accomplish this end under the present accumulated state of population. The very nature of fishing, on a scale thus projected, would require the young to be trained to it, from boyhood upwards, and by looking upon it as their sole occupation, to bestow upon it their undivided attention. But, from what has been already stated as to their present circumstances, such would be almost an impossibility. It is incompatible with the vocation of a fisherman that he pass one half of the year either at labour in the south country, or toiling at the cultivation of a few acres of ground at home. That vocation, if properly managed, requires all his energies and attention. Experience, conjoined with a knowledge of seamanship, are indispensable to secure success to the fisherman. The most rational way, therefore, though undoubtedly the most protracted to get it accomplished, for securing lasting benefits to the islanders appears to be that, after lands are portioned out in proper allotments to such as will live solely by them, at least a part of the surplus of the rising generation be trained to fishing, and be encouraged to prosecute it, for their own benefit as well as for that of the country at large.

F
sult
etc.
who
want
tage
with
to in
to en
quisi
house
care
the o
or eq
them
feet
be la
As to
comm
prop
barre
man,
for th
east
tablis
every
tendi
preva

B
can
durin
sad c
that
from
of th
judic
Thou
by a
"eve
year
hand
fied u
suffer
merci
local
amiti
all su
V
very

Even under their present mode of fishing, considerable good would result from a temporary supply being awarded them of long lines, hooks, etc. Many might benefit their families by occasional supplies of fish, who cannot avail themselves of the same in the meantime merely for want of such tackle as is used in the place. But for permanent advantage from this source of industry it is necessary to supply them, not only with fishing materials, on approved principles, but also with skilful men to instruct them in the art, to superintend the work, and to arouse them to emulation and industry by their example. Among the various requisites to establish fisheries on this scale are harbours, quays, and store houses. These should be as numerous as possible, at the same time taking care that they be erected at stations judiciously chosen. Without them the occupation of the fisherman can never be carried on with regularity, or equable success. The next requisites are boats, or wood and iron to make them. The boats suited for the white fishing should be from 16 to 18 feet of keel, or even larger, while the kind for the herring fishing should be larger still, resembling those used at Fraserburgh, Peterhead, or Banff. As to the tackle for cod and ling fishing, every boat would require cordage, commonly called long-lines, to rig out 600 hooks, with buoy-strings in proportion, and every herring boat should be supplied with five or six barrels of herring nets. Each boat would require an experienced fisherman, at least for a time, as instructor, and perhaps none are better suited for this purpose than fishermen from Peterhead, and other places on the east coast of Scotland. Some are of opinion that were fisheries thus established it would be necessary to have a general inspector over those of every island, such as Skye, Lewis, Uist, etc., for the purpose of superintending the work generally, as well as for seeing that order and industry prevailed at every station.

Before such extensive arrangements as have been thus pointed out can possibly be brought about, several years must necessarily elapse, during which the people will be as liable as ever to be overtaken by the sad consequences of inclement seasons, should it be the will of Providence that such will come to pass. It is therefore earnestly to be hoped that, from whatever quarter relief is to be obtained, for the permanent benefit of the Highlanders, by the adoption of such arrangements as are both judicious and necessary for the purpose, the same will be speedily applied. Though the late cry for bread has been heard, and humanely responded to by a liberal and benevolent nation, and though the Divine Bestower of "every good and perfect gift" has been graciously pleased to crown the year with abundance, and to shed abroad His blessings with bountiful hand throughout the regions of distress, yet it is not enough to rest satisfied under these circumstances, or to view the future condition of the late sufferers with luke-warm indifference. The fact that they have been mercifully rescued from the late calamity, and that they are still, from local peculiarities, more liable than the rest of the nation to similar calamities in future, renders their case worthy of deliberate consideration by all such as have the power to accomplish means of improvement.

While the population of the districts lately visited with distress is so very large, it may happen that even the means of relief already mentioned

may fail, in some cases, of having the desired effect. Amidst so extensive a community several will, no doubt, be actuated by various inclinations. Of those who may be fit subjects for emigration, some may be willing to avail themselves of it, and some may not. Some may have a wish to engage in the different departments of industry at home, while others may not feel so inclined. It is therefore desirable that the promoters of the Highlanders' welfare should, in a sense, endeavour to be "all things to all men," and thus render the means of relief as various as may be consistent with prudence, and judicious arrangement.

It is well known that the Highlanders have always been a brave and warlike race of people, and though their spirit has, no doubt, suffered considerably of late, through adversity in various forms, yet their characteristic valour, if called forth, would still be an honour to their name and country. To part with brave soldiers, if required as such, would be parting with so much of the national strength. Might not service in Her Majesty's forces be offered to such Highlanders as are inclined to accept of it, in preference to other employments? Might it not be consistent with expediency to raise a "New Regiment of the Isles," and to give the Highlanders another opportunity of distinguishing themselves in the field of honour, as the descendants of brave and dauntless heroes? Let their deeds in former times be for a moment called to recollection—deeds by which the mighty fell, and by which the fame of the victors shall live for ever in the annals of history? As a specimen of their bravery, some of the brilliant achievements of the Black Watch may be called to remembrance, as they were the first Highland corps called to the service of their king and country. This regiment was at first made up of men who held a distinguished rank in society—young chieftains, cadets of principal families, and gentlemen's sons! When garbed in their sombre tartan, and armed with their broadswords, pistols, and dirks, they formed a beautiful contrast with the dazzling scarlet dress of other regiments. As this celebrated body was composed of brave and spirited men, it might be expected that their deeds of valour would be great and glorious! Their gallantry shined forth in brilliant colours at the battle of Fontenoy, fought on the 11th May 1745. This was the first opportunity they had of meeting foemen on the open field of strife. But the most deadly scene in which they were ever engaged was the siege of Ticonderago, in the United States of North America, on the 7th July 1750. In this desperate and sanguinary struggle, a part of them rushed, with more gallantry than prudence, through the barricades and breastworks of the fort, and plunged with a fearful charge among the enemy, against whose deadly fire they had previously stood for hours! The affair crowned the survivors with laurels which shall never wither—laurels which shall last while valorous deeds continue to be recorded in history. As their bravery and loyalty on this memorable day excited the admiration of the world, their Sovereign was pleased to honour them with the name of "Royal." They subsequently distinguished themselves in a manner equally brave in the West Indies, and in various other quarters. In the celebrated Expedition to Egypt, under Sir Ralph Abercromby, this gallant corps, as well as other Highland regiments, fought with most heroic courage. They could submit to no odious dominion, nor could they bear any oppressive or

deg
lan
ma
bef
wer
had
ren
con
that
the
cam
vari
und
to
Hill
were
resp
and

foug
of ju
it in
best
as th
over

tion
that
these
that
and
patri
confl
Albic
oppor
ful d
mutu
well
bard,
bygon
High
cums
heroi
their
to a c
posse
effect
menti
being

degrading yoke. Aboukir Bay and Alexandria will ever testify of Highland bravery. In those places evolutions were executed, and charges made, which no human power could resist, and the enemy only stood before the magnanimous sons of Scotia like chaff before the wind. It were needless to recount the various battles in which these noble soldiers had a noble share during the Peninsular war. Let Wellington, that renowned "hero of a hundred Battles," bear testimony to the manly conduct and valorous exploits of the Highlanders. General Lord Hill, that humane nobleman, will also feel pleasure in calling to recollection the bravery of the 42d, the 93d, and the 79th Highlanders in their various campaigns abroad. At Vittoria, the Pyrenees, Orthes, Toulouse, and in various other deadly skirmishes, how nobly did they acquit themselves under the command of that brave General! Perhaps there was no General to whom the Highlanders were more devotedly attached than Lord Hill. Even in active service they looked upon him as their "father," and were wont to call him by that endearing name. Such proofs of genuine respect must be a pleasing source of comfort to that gallant commander, and cannot fail to be one of his most agreeable reminiscences.

Under the choicest generalship, therefore, the Highlanders desperately fought for the freedom of that land which gave them birth. The cause of justice, liberty, and truth was then at stake, and though some deemed it infatuation even to oppose the formidable legions of the enemy, yet the best of soldiers, under the best of Generals, rushed into the struggle, fierce as the storm of their native hills, and swift as the eagles of heaven flying over their crags and mountains. Thus they obtained the victory!

On the plains of Waterloo the Highlanders acquired the consummation of that fame which had hitherto been so deservedly great. It is said that Napoleon himself could not refrain from expressing his admiration of these brave and warlike men. The stakes to be divided by the fate of that memorable day were, in their nature, most important. The glory and pride of the French nation on the one side, and on the other the patriotism, the liberty, and the glory of Great Britain! For a time the conflict was desperate and deadly. In every quarter the hardy race of Albion did fearful havoc amid the hostile ranks. No barrier could then oppose them, fighting for their liberty and their country. On that eventful day the two greatest generals which the world could produce stood mutually opposed; but the deeds on which the sun went down might well cause the immortal Wellington to exclaim, in the words of the Latin bard, "*Exegi monumentum ære perennius.*" Seeing that in course of the bygone century the four quarters of the world testify to the bravery of the Highlanders as warriors, it cannot be supposed that any unfavourable circumstances in their condition have as yet dampened their native spirit of heroism, or softened them down to diffidence in defence of their liberties, their country, and their Queen. That they have, in general, multiplied to a degree incompatible with the natural resources of support from their possessions, has been already explained. That improvements should be effected, and that emigration should be resorted to, has also been mentioned. But let it be considered that, in the event of men being required to serve their country, every Highlander who may

volunteer himself for that service will diminish the population of his parish or district as effectually as though he were conveyed, at the expense of the Government, to Australia or North America. It is therefore humbly suggested that this source of relief to the country be added to the rest, and amid a variety of such resources, let the Highlander avail himself of that which he deems most suited to his inclination and circumstances.

[Since these articles were written (1840), another fearful famine overtook the Highlands and Western Islands, in 1847, and other events occurred which may have, more or less, qualified in some respects the opinions then set forth. These will be noticed in the next, and concluding, article.]

GIVE ME A COT.

O! give me a cot 'mid my own native mountains,
 A cosy wee nest, with a but and a ben,
 Where sounds the strange music of silvery fountains,
 That wantonly rush to their home in the glen.
 There I would ever be,
 Wand'ring in freedom's glee,
 Enrapt with the pleasures of wild loneliness,
 Breathing the mountain air,
 Wooing the flow'rets rare,
 Seeking from silence life's soul-happiness.

O! give me a cot where the red lightning dances,
 And the lord of the thunder in majesty rides,
 Where the bold eagle gazes with unquailing glances,
 While Heaven's dread battle in glory abides.
 There I would ever be,
 Where the swift flashes flee;
 Exulting I'd list to the wrath-pealing voice,
 Sounding its tramp of war,
 Rolling thro' skies afar,
 Where cloud-bannered armies as conq'rors rejoice.

O! give me a cot where the rolling mists gather,
 And the ghosts of the mighty glide over the hills,
 Where sadly they troop o'er the dew-ahrouded heather,
 And heard are their wails in the song of the rills.
 There, 'neath the trembling moon,
 Would I with them commune,
 Beholding the shades of old warriors brave,
 Hov'ring still fondly o'er,
 Caledon's mountains hoar,
 Rejoicing when tempests triumphantly rave.

SUNDERLAND.

WM. ALLAN.

AILEAN BUIDHE.

THE following is one of the unpublished "Lives of the Bards," found among the papers of the late

JOHN MACKENZIE, OF "THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY":—

Allan MacDougal, commonly called *Ailean Buidhe nan Oran*, i.e., the Yellow-Haired Poet, was a native of Glendoran, Argyllshire. He lived in the 18th century, and, like his father, passed his days in the rural occupations of agriculture and pasturage. In society he ranked in the middle class—he lived removed alike from poverty and riches, moral and virtuous, equally free of temptations and vices in that remote part of the country.

Allan MacDougal was illiterate. He was too far remote from the parish school to have received the advantages of education. He was the poet of nature in the literal and strict sense of the word. Yet his acuteness and information far exceeded what men in his station possessed. The life he led was favourable to a mind inclined to indulge in the playfulness of fancy and humour of a wayward genius. He had leisure to contemplate, and wanted not subjects to attract attention on the mountain or in the glen. Amid picturesque scenery and rural amusements, many objects called forth the latent powers of the bard of the *yellow locks*. His feelings were incited, and the thoughts and meditations of the nursling of nature were poured forth in song. He soon became known as the composer of humorous verses, and notwithstanding his endeavours to conceal the real author by fathering his productions on a gentleman of the same district, every new song was recognised as emanated from the prolific humour of *Ailean Buidhe*. He soon became the life of every convivial meeting, and the most distinguished of every company he frequented.

It is no small mark of distinction to excel all others who might have the same advantages, at a time of life when all have the same prospects, and possess the like opportunities, even in the narrow circle in which young men of a country district move. But the name and fame of our poet were soon known beyond the limits of his glen, and the circle of his youthful acquaintances. His wit and humour were peculiar. He was always ready to compose on any occasion, to speak on any subject, and to reply to anything said to him. Owing to his appearance, and a defect in his looks, he was exposed to the animadversions of those who were strangers to his talents. But whoever he might be that was foolhardy in attacking him, let him be high or low, he was not allowed to escape without a severe castigation. In him the poet could easily find some real or imaginary defect, and could most aptly represent it. Entering the Ford market with a white-faced horse, led with a long rope that trailed after him, a gentleman, who was known to have a poetical vein, viewing him in a ludicrous light, as the squinting bard lifted up his bonnet to see the crowd assembled on the hill. The other gentlemen observed

to him what a good subject of some satirical remarks he was. A verse was spun out, and as Allan drew near, it was repeated. It was judged to be too severe, as it described the natural defect of the man, contrasted with the horse, whose appearance was not in its favour. The poet thought otherwise, and turning on his heel, he replied in a loud voice, in measured lines, and by much more severe remarks. The people turned to the aggressor to see if he really had such defects as Allan *Buidhe* so well described. The eyes of the whole Fair having turned on the gentleman, he was glad to sneak away from the imputation, and conceal himself in a public house.

Poets of wit and humour are dreaded as severe satirists, but the good humoured become the favourites of all social and liberal minded men. Allan was not only a man of humour, but also of good common sense. His conversation was agreeable, and his company was courted by the high and low. Being a shrewd observer of nature, he was quick in observing anything worthy of attention—"catching the living manners as they fly"—heard all the news, associated with persons of higher rank. His sagacity and intelligence exceeded all known in the Glen, and he made the best use of what he knew. He always took poetical license in embellishing his story. To make it interesting or captivating, he called the powers of fancy and imagination to his assistance. The Rev. William Campbell, minister of the parish of Kilchrenan, in which Glendoran is situated, frequently reprimanded him for going beyond the bounds of truth or reality—admonished him to adhere to facts in his poetical effusions; but all was to no purpose. Allan would have his own way of telling his story. He followed the dictates of his genius in preference to the precepts of his parson. As the good clergyman saw it was in vain to attempt reclaiming this wayward son of fancy in the plain and usual way of reasoning, he would try another way. He asked him, at last, "If he could compose a poem or a song without a word of truth?" Allan said that he would try, and thus they parted.

His ears were always open to whatever news transpired, but for some time he heard of nothing worth mentioning. At length he understood that the minister's gardener had mixed salt with the seed sown in a field, with the intention of destroying worms that were in the ground, and which proved injurious to the young plants. This was thought most extraordinary in the country, and was much talked of. Allan laid hold of the popular opinion, thinking it a good subject for composing such a poem as the clergyman required from him, that is, "One without a word of truth in it." He commenced, and succeeded beyond expectation. He set fancy and imagination to work on improbabilities. The most unlikely part of it was the sowing of a field with salt, and it was the only thing that was true; adding that, should it appear to men incredible, in fact the salt grew so luxuriantly as to produce a firloft from every stalk. When he repeated the piece to the minister, who listened very attentively to him till he came to the passage of the luxuriant growth, "Ah, Allan," exclaimed he, "why add such a lie."

The poet of Glendoran composed as he felt an impulse to animadvert on the incidents of the day, to satirize as occasion presented something

tha
thro
fam
feri
Six

let
lan
The
"sr
Dur

pon
him
any
wro
"I
whi
die
tha
Dur
Lor
stor

use
acco
trati
of S
were

tion
errin
man
lan
it bu
spok
faith

N

that attracted his notice or touched his fancy. His songs were sung through the country, his repartees often repeated, and his name became familiar to those who were far distant. In descriptive poetry he was inferior to Macdonald and Macintyre, but excelled them in wit and humour. Six pieces are all that is now extant of his productions.

Correspondence.

"BONNIE DUNDEE" AND KILLIECRANKIE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I have just been reading, and reading with no small interest, let me assure you, the second chapter of "Highland Battles and Highland Arms," in the July number of your always excellent Magazine. The author of these papers seems to me somewhat disposed to make rather "small beer," as Thackeray would say, of John Graham, Lord Viscount Dundee.

Will you just permit me to remark that, whatever his covenanting opponents may have thought and said of him, the Highlanders at least loved him with all their heart, and held him a General of name and fame beyond anyone else then living; and that they so honestly believed, rightly or wrongly, is evidenced by their constantly and fondly speaking of him as "*Iain Dubh nan Cath*"—dark or swarthy John of Battles—a *soubriquet* which must have been proper and *apropos*, for to this day it has never died, and you meet with it in almost all the songs and fireside *sgèulachds* that go back to the days of Sir Ewen Dubh of Lochiel and "Bonnie Dundee." Next to James Graham, the "Great" Marquis of Montrose, Lord Dundee stands first and foremost, if Highland song and Highland story are to be taken as factors in the appraisalment.

How highly Dundee was esteemed as a leader or "king" of men, to use the Homeric epithet, how much he was thought of as a gentleman and accomplished soldier, *sans peur et sans reproche*, finds very striking illustration in the bitter exclamation of Macdonald of Clanranald at the battle of Sheriffmuir, when he saw that things that might have gone otherwise were going amiss—"O! for one hour of Dundee!"

It is possible that Mr Mark Napier may have gone too far in laudation of John Graham of Claverhouse. Let "J. M. W. S." beware of erring quite as grievously and grossly in an opposite direction. I am a man of peace, Mr Editor, but I am quite prepared to couch and splinter a lance in honour of Lord Dundee and Killiecrankie, if called upon, were it but for the sake of "auld lang syne," and the days when Scotland was spoken of on the continent of Europe as a "nation of heroes."—Yours faithfully,

NETHER-LOCHABER.

ALEX. STEWART, F.S.A.

THE OLD HIGHLAND STAGHOUND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Having long given attention to all Celtic matters, and particularly those bearing on the history of our own Highland people, I have read with great interest the letter in your last number, from a "Nether Lochaber" correspondent, on the old Scotch deerhounds. This is not the first time that he has shown minute knowledge on this subject, regarding which there might probably be much additional curious information brought out through your Magazine. The matter in question stands closely bound up with habits, traditions, and folk-lore of a kind not otherwise likely to be recovered before they have passed away. Its reference to Ossianic poetry, as well as to natural history, has been pointed out by Mr Stewart. It has also its value in throwing light on old clan customs and family histories. The hunting practices of the ancient Gael are known to trace back into very remote antiquity. Modern zoology now sets special stress on animal traits and peculiarities of breeding that may seem slight to the ordinary observer, yet have often great significance to the eye of a Naturalist.

In this view it would be worth while to collect whatever is known regarding the true Highland greyhound *par excellence*, of which, in fact, very little information of any authenticity has been obtained since Mr Macneill of Colonsay's short chapter in Scrope's deerstalking volume appeared, and before that time absolutely nothing except through Ossian's poems. My own intention has long been to publish a monographic account of the breed, for which purpose much material is already in hand; but I should be glad to have the benefit of all further local knowledge that can be gathered. Trusting to elicit such through your instrumentality, at the same time in accordance with the objects of the Magazine.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

GEORGE CUPPLES.

GUARD BRIDGE, FIFESHIRE, June 1877.

HIGHLANDERS OF THE RIGHT STAMP.—Writing of the recent Wool Fair, the Inverness correspondent of the *London Scottish Journal* pays the following well-merited tribute to the late D. J. Macrae, Invershiel, and Macleod, Coulmore:—

Donald John Macrae of Invershiel was, last year, as usual, among his friends, with his honest, genial, and open countenance, and stalwart and well-formed frame. But, alas! we shall never see him, and it is doubtful if we "shall ever see his like again," at the Inverness wool market. He, in the prime of manhood, was called to the distant home, amid the keen and genuine regret of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. Another, and the last remaining link between the present and the past, between the originators of the great fair and its present supporters, also went to the long home. Macleod of Coulmore, the only and last survivor of the band who started the market about sixty years ago, died a few months ago. A more genuine Highlander, a warmer-hearted man, a truer and more sincere friend, a more hospitable gentleman, or more charitable to the poor and the needy, he has not left behind him. The loss of two such men in one year amongst our leading farmers is a blank which demands a passing notice, and one which cannot be filled up.

THE SIXTH ANNUAL ASSEMBLY OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS came off in the Music Hall on Thursday, the 12th of July, the first evening of the Great Sheep and Wool Fair, under the presidency of Professor J. S. Blackie, Chief of the Society. The meeting was in every respect one of the most successful ever held under the auspices of the Society. The Chief's speech—which, in an abridged form, will be found on another page—has the right ring about it, and must exert a powerful influence upon those who pay any attention to questions connected with the Highlands. An excellent address was delivered in Gaelic by Colin Chisholm, ex-President of the Gaelic Society of London, in which he powerfully advocated the teaching of Gaelic in Highland Schools; exposed the iniquity of the present Game Laws; contrasted the noble sport of our ancestors with the butchery called sport in the present day; and, finally, called upon his countrymen, in thrilling and telling periods, to imitate their Irish brethren and to insist upon the introduction of Land Laws like those extended to Ireland by the late Gladstone Government. The pipe music was, as usual (under Pipe-Major MacLennan, piper to the Society), of a high order, while the dancing of the Highland Fling and of the Reel of Tulloch was all that could be desired. Mr Graham, of Glasgow, well sustained his reputation as one of our best Gaelic song-singers. In addition to all these attractions we had a large choir numbering about twenty-five ladies and gentlemen, who had been for some time under the training of Mr John Whyte of the *Highlander*. They sung some of our most popular airs very effectively; still, we think, a considerable improvement is possible. The very strength of the choir was its greatest weakness. There were too many of the members who did not understand the language of the songs, and consequently did not enter into the spirit of them. This crippled the others, and a general want of spirit in the different pieces was the inevitable result. The pronunciation of the non-Gaelic members was anything but agreeable to our Gaelic ears. Miss Watt and Miss Macbean sang their solos very sweetly; and Miss MacLennan, who presided at the pianoforte, sang with her usual success. We have had to do officially with most of the Society's Assemblies since its origin, and are fully alive to the difficulties to be overcome, and the general good management necessary to make these meetings a success. We have, therefore, much pleasure in acknowledging—a thing, by the way, seldom or never done—the excellent and complete arrangements made on this occasion by the indefatigable secretary and Gaelic scholar, William Mackenzie, Inverness representative of the *Aberdeen Free Press*.

NEW WORKS BY PROFESSOR BLACKIE.—In addition to Professor Blackie's poem, "The Wise Men of Greece," which is to be published early in the Autumn, we understand that he is engaged on another which cannot fail to be generally interesting, but especially so to Highlanders. The learned author has been taking notes of everything peculiar which he has come across in his various rambles throughout the Highlands. Peculiar "Characters," from the Laird to the Gamekeeper and Gillie, Old Wives and Spinsters, curious Conversations and funny Oddities will be re-produced, as they impressed the Professor at the time, under the title of "My Highland Box."

DUANAG DO'N UISGE-BHEATHA.

KEY G. *With Spirit.*

: d	m :-r : d d :-r : m	m :-r : d d :-r
Tha	fail - aadh gun fho - tas Bho	chneas Mhic - an - Toi - sich,

: m.m	f :-f : f l :-s : l	s :-f : m r :-
Chuireadh	blaths' ann am por - aibh, La	reot a's goaith tuath.

Chorus.

: s.f	m :-r : d r : d : l,	s, :-l, : d d :-
O!	aid i'n deoch mhi - lis Nach	pill - eam - aid bhuainn,

: r.m	f :-f : f l :-s : l	s :-f : m r :-
Chuireadh	blaths air gach cridhe - e, 'Nuair	bhith - eam - aid fuar ;

: s.f	m :-r : d r : d : l,	s, :-l, : d d :-
O!	aid i'n deoch mhi - lis nach	pill - eam - aid bhuainn.

Bu taitaenach an ceol a
Bhi g' eiseachd a chronain,
Ga leigeadh a stop,
A' cuir croic air a chuaich.

'S e gogail a choilich,
Ga ghacadh ri gloine,
Ceol inntinneach, loinneil,
A thoilleadh an duais.

Ma chraidear mo sheanchas,
Bu mhath leinn 'bhi sealg ort,
Le h-urchar gun dearmad,
Fras airgeid mu d' chluais.

'Nuair chluinnta de ghluhan
Ga tharruinn a buideal,
Bu mhath le ar slugain
Am fhuicheadh gu luath.

'S tu culaidh an dannsa
Nuair thigeadh an geamhradh,
A bheireadh air seann-duin'
A cheann thogail suas.

Bu mhath thu air banais,
Ga 'r cumail na 'r caithris,
Nuair bhithheadh luchd-calaoidh
Ri caithream na 'r cluais.

Be aid an stuth neartmhor,
Dh-fhas misneachail, reachd-mhor,
Ni saighdear do 'n ghealltair,
Gu spealtadh nan cauas.

Sugh brìghheil na tairgne,
Bho fheadan na praise ;
Tha spioradail, laidir,
An caileachd 's an suagh.

Ann an coinneadh, 's an codhail,
Bheir daoine gu comhradh,
'S binn luimneagan orain
Mu bhord ga 'n cuir suas.

Tha thu cleachdta 's gach duthaich,
'N am reiteachadh cumhnant,
Ma bhios sinn as t-iunnais,
Bi'dh sugradh fad bhuainn.

Tha thu d' lighich' neo-thuiseach,
A dh' fhuicheadh gach cuise,
Gun iarmailt no dualach,
Air nach cuir thu ruaig.

Gun eugail na faillean
Tha 'n clannaibh nan Gaidheal,
Nach toir thu gu slaint',
Agus phaighear dhut dhuais.

Nuair 'shuidheamaid socrach,
'S e 'ghlaodhte na bodaich,
Cha b' iennan 's am brochan—
Their boislach dheth' nuas.

NOTE.—The above song is the composition of *Ailean Dall*, the well known bard of the late Macdonnell of Glengarry. A pleasant sketch of the life and labours of *Ailean* will be found in "MacKenzie's Beauties." This air is very popular throughout the Highlands.—W. M'K.